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# THE ARGUENOT

1935  
APRIL  
ISSUE





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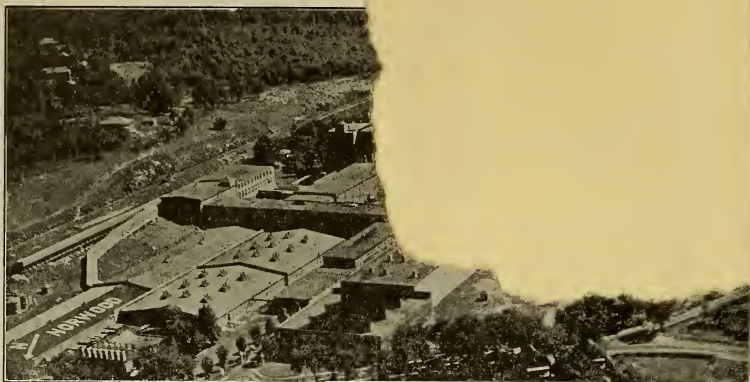
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# The Arguenot

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### Taking on a New Lease of Life

The grandest season of the year—Spring—has at last emerged from the snowy, windy fury of winter. Spring is always a long time in arriving, but when it does arrive, we always feel as though we really had something.

It is not only the elements of nature that take on a new lease of life, but we ourselves do. We find new hopes, new enthusiasms and new inspirations as the weather grows warmer and the days lengthen. Our interests unconsciously broaden, and we find ourselves wanting to be outside in the budding world, (whereas before most of us wanted anything but that).

As a new existence is being given to nature and to man, so it is being given to our magazine. The editors are most grateful for the many criticisms and ideas you have given us. It was for your benefit that we asked for these suggestions, and we hope we have made your magazine more nearly what you want it to be. You will undoubtedly notice some of your criticisms and ideas already put to use in this issue. We hope that you will feel that the "Arguenot" too, has taken on a new lease of life.

The Editor

### Noon and Midnight

It was noon. The chimes of the clock of the National Shawmut Bank, which is located in one of the busiest parts of Boston, were striking twelve times. People, of all types, were hurrying up and down the street. Workmen hurried in and out of the, "Serve Yourself," lunch rooms. The side-walks were crowded with throngs of tired women shoppers, bustling business men, and attractive young shop girls. Sulky children, clinging desperately to their

mother's hands, were pushed here and there in the crowd. Newsboys stood on the corners and shouted, "Extra, read all about it," and pushed their papers into the hands of hurrying business men. In the street there was more confusion. Truck drivers steered their huge trucks dangerously near confused pedestrians. Drivers of horses shouted, "Whoa," and "Gid-dap," almost constantly. Taxi drivers rushed their charges about in a breath-taking way,

considering the congestion. Autoists honked their horns vigorously when new drivers stalled their engines directly in front of them, or when a cold engine balked and held up the traffic. Husky policemen rushed here and there, trying to disentangle the traffic. Bewildered tourists searching vainly for the right roads, turned up, "One-way streets," and then shivered as they heard the sharp peal of a policeman's whistle. Excitement, confusion, noise! This was the noon-day hour.

It was midnight. The chimes of the clock of the National Shawmut Bank building were clearly striking twelve times. A single auto turned the corner.

It had the whole street to itself. Two young couples, apparently returning from the theater, broke the silence with their laughter. Then all was still. Suddenly the whirl of the night mail plane sounded. The noise soon died away in the distance. A full moon cast a silvery shaft of light across the deserted street. A striped alley cat leisurely strolled through the patch of moonlight. A drowsy policeman slowly patrolled his beat, now and then glancing into the darkened shop windows. He finally disappeared into the shadows. Silence now ruled! This was the midnight hour.

Claire Heatlie, '35

---

### My Car

I have a car, or so it is called,  
At least thirty times it's been overhauled.  
The wheels go this way; the axles, that,  
And it wouldn't seem right  
If the tires weren't flat.

My "car" has a windshield  
But no glass therein.  
I've oft heard it called  
Just a "rattle of tin."  
But, nevertheless, I have my fun  
When classes are over and schoolwork is done.

I go out to the "car" and pull out the choke,  
And let me tell you, cranking's no joke.  
When it trembles, stutters, shivers, and starts,  
It sounds as if it's minus all its parts.  
Then I sit at the wheel, my well-earned reward—  
As I rattle down the street in my faithful old Ford.

Bernard Woodman, '35

## Brains and Ingenuity

Sir Robert Lyall was an extremely nervous individual. In fact, Sir Robert was so nervous that when he heard a stealthy noise coming from the vicinity of the library, he, instead of suspecting his wife's Pekinese, of some fresh misdemeanor, armed himself with an automatic and proceeded to investigate. He stepped out of his bedroom onto the landing and stood on the landing at the head of the stairs, listening. Sound waves dashed up the stairs, swooped into the ears of Sir Robert, and smote the ear drums several lusty blows that set that sensitive organ vibrating. "What ho! There's somebody in the library!"

Sir Robert, as if doubting the authorization of his ears on the deciphering of sound waves, continued to wait and listen. There came the sound of a brittle vase coming in abrupt contact with a hard oak floor. Sir Robert nodded his majestic head, sagely. "There is someone in the library."

Having convinced himself of the fact that "someone" had invaded the sanctity of his library, it was quite obvious to Sir Robert that the next move was his. So down the luxuriously carpeted stairway crept the dignified Sir Robert Lyall, tenth Earl of Chestershire and a loyal subject of his majesty the King.

There is nothing that can soothe the frenzied nerves of a peace-loving man, when he is called upon to resort to extreme and drastic measures, quite as much as the feel of a reliable firearm of a heavy calibre. So when Sir Robert arrived at the foot of the stairs just outside of the library, his hand that gripped the gun was comparatively

steady. Even though he was a novice in the art of stalking burglars, Sir Robert could be classified as a dangerous man at that moment. (In fact, his loved ones considered him a menace when in indisputed possession of a firearm.)

For one long minute Sir Robert stood in the hall, listening. He was acutely aware of a draft. The library window was probably open. A wall drapery, silhouetted against the side of a window, moved slightly. Sir Robert shoved his revolver forward, stepped inside the room, and barked, "Come out from behind that curtain!" Then as an afterthought—"With your hands up."

A hard, cold object that could be nothing but a gun barrel caressed Sir Robert's vertebrae. "Were you speaking to me, Sir Robert?" To say that Sir Robert was startled would be putting it mildly. His whole system suddenly relaxed and he was overcome with a sudden desire to sit down. His knees, after years of supporting Sir Robert's generous frame, suddenly mutinied. They slowly crept toward each other and reclined comfortably while employing each other for a support. It was with great difficulty that their owner asserted his authority and maneuvered them back to their respective territories.

Again there came that pleasant voice out of the darkness. "Drop that gun, Sir Robert."

Sir Robert promptly dropped his gun.

"Now," said the voice, "we shall have lights."

A "click", and the lights were on. Sir Robert looked over his shoulder into the laughing eyes of the only burglar



he had ever heard of who wore a tuxedo. At the suggestion of the intruder, Sir Robert weakly lowered himself into a convenient chair.

"I am afraid I haven't time to waste. I am afraid one of our keen-eyed bobbies saw me scaling your wall. I am also afraid that he will insist on conducting an investigation. That, of course, is to be taken care of when the time comes."

As the burglar glanced keenly around the room, Sir Robert noticed that he was a young man of not more than twenty-five.

"Your type of burglar is rare, you know?"

"Thank you." His restless eyes at last rested on a large heavily framed portrait of the first Earl of Chestershire. "Aha!" The burglar stepped quickly toward it. Moving the heavy portrait, he came upon a small wall-safe. "Well, well." The burglar looked kindly down on Sir Robert somewhat like an indulgent grandmother would look over her glasses at a little boy up to some prank. "Well, well, a safe. Can you imagine that?" The burglar roughly waved a finger at the tenth Earl of Chestershire. "I just know that you knew that was there all the time. Come, come, now, fess up. Can you open it?"

"Yes, but I won't!"

The young burglar gazed ruefully at his revolver. "I wonder," he mused, "if a shot could be heard from the road."

Sir Robert swallowed nervously. "Well, to tell the truth, young man, I can't open it."

"Come, come now, Sir Robert. Surely you prevaricate."

Sir Robert looked into the menacing muzzle of a revolver. "S'atruth! I swear it!"

"Then, my dear friend, I must resort to a cruder, but nevertheless, effective method."

Stepping to his overcoat that had been carelessly thrown on a chair, the burglar drew a brown case from the pocket. "My friend, you are about to witness a technique in safe opening that is second to none."

"What's in that tube?" said Sir Robert.

"The burglar looked at the tube he had taken from his case and replied, "Nitro-glycerine."

"Good Lord! If that—"

"Yes, wouldn't it though?"

For the following fifteen minutes Sir Robert watched a master at work. An electric drill was connected to a wall plug and a small hole was bored just below and to the right of the combination dial. Into the hole was stuffed cotton soaked in nitro-glycerine. Wet paper was then stuffed after that, the object being to keep air out and the fuse in, as the burglar explained to the now fascinated Sir Robert Lyall. The divans and cushioned chairs that furnished the room were then piled against the wall completely concealing the safe. Reaching into the pile of furniture with a cigarette lighter, the midnight guest touched the fuse.

"Now," he said hurriedly, "into the corner!" Hardly had the two men reached safety when there came a dull rumble that shook the house. "Now, watch out for fire!" The two men hastily pulled the smoking and somewhat blackened furniture from the safe. The safe door was neatly split in two, one piece being on the floor.

"I say," said Sir Robert, "that was neat!"

The burglar, with exaggerated modesty, said, "Thank you, kind sir, it was nothing."

Sir Robert himself, apologising for the absence of servants, showed the burglar to the door. An overcoat pocket bulged with jewels and a packet of bills. After carefully adjusting his hat and gloves, the burglar cordially shook hands with his host and departed.

Hardly had he closed the massive oak door when Sir Robert, laughing gleefully and running in a very undignified manner, returned to the wrecked safe. He picked up five letters put aside by the burglar as being of no value, and read them hastily. After he had finished the fifth, he sighed happily and picked up the phone—"Operator . . . Long-

wood . . . five . . . five . . . five . . . J. Hello . . . Sir Robert Lyall speaking. I'd like to speak to my wife . . . Hello, Connie? . . . Hello, darling. You know that safe you put in the library? You remember you insisted on keeping the combination a secret? Well, it's open and I have the letters. I intend to see my lawyer in the morning. You know I always suspected you had them . . . Darling, such language! . . . It's your own fault, dear, for not crediting me with the brains and ingenuity . . . You guessed it dear . . . Uh-huh, I hired a professional burglar . . . My dear, such language . . . Good night, dear . . . sleep tight, or aren't they serving cocktails? . . . Such language!"

Roger P. Flaherty, '37

### Jacque Gomez

The year when the war ended, found a French youth in a hospital on an American bed treated by an English doctor, and attended by an Italian nurse—with half his face shot away. He had once been known as Jacque Gomez. Now as he lay on his back he wondered with fright what his mother and sister would say when they saw him. He did not want to go home, and his wish was granted.

After leaving the hospital, Jacque Gomez floundered in the after-wash with the others. He had no money, no friends, and above all, his face was a "mess" as he expressed it. When he walked on the streets and chanced to meet people, he would slowly pivot around with the good part of his face to be seen only. Others viewing him night after night (for he went out only

after darkness fell) thought him an inebriate and never gave him a thought.

One night about ten as Jacque was walking along, he met an extremely tipsy individual who promptly put his arms around Jacque and demanded that Jacque take him home. Try as he could, Jacque couldn't get rid of the poor fool and finally decided to carry him to his attic room where he might sleep off his condition. In this way Jacque Gomez made a friendship which proved invaluable to him.

Noticing Jacque's deplorable condition, this new friend took pity on him and made it possible that Jacque be attended by a plastic surgeon, a gentleman who in three months presented to this world a new Jacque Gomez.

Upon looking his new self over for the first time, handsomer than ever,

Jacque was overcome with the desire to return home immediately. No, he would not! He would go home with success on his shoulders, not merely with a new face.

To seek his fortune, to America came Jacque Gomez, and thus his good fortune began.

One day as he sat in a dentist's chair having his teeth cleaned, an idea like a charge of dynamite struck him. Why not have a little machine for cleaning teeth at home? The task would be done quicker, better, and easier. Again Jacque's queerly made friend helped, helped in the way only grateful friends do.

\* \* \*

Happily did Jacque Gomez return home. It was two days before Christmas, and it was a thrill to Jacque to think of the happy Christmas he would have with his mother and sister. He found his mother keeping an inn. To Jacque she looked tired and worried. He almost gave himself away many times, for his mother and sister had not recognized him. Greater was Jacque's joy when he thought of the merry

Christmas he would make for his mother and sister.

The next morning as Jacque's sister was sweeping his room, she hit a traveling bag which popped open as did her eyes. On top were a few thousand francs. Mother and sister were in desperate need of money. Then a thought dawned—a thought which brought a smirk to the lips of the sweeper. Why not murder the owner of the money?

The following day, the day before Christmas, Jacque Gomez was found by his sister dead in his bed. The police chief came to make an identification. It was made.

That afternoon two bodies were found swinging in the cellar. In a very short time, the ravages of the mind had taken effect. Mother and sister had learned that they themselves had killed one dear to both of them.

On Christmas Day there was a funeral for three, the expenses of which were paid by a few thousand francs found in the clothing of the older woman who had owned the inn.

Albert Grokoeist, '35

(Note: This story is based on fact).

### The Poet

He sings of the woods and the mountains,  
The flowers, the birds, and the trees.  
For him there is beauty abundant  
In each lowly object he sees.

He sings of the winter and summer,  
Of the spring and the glorious fall,  
In phrases that fill us with longing,  
For the things that we see not at all.

For him this bleak world is a haven  
He sees not the worry or care,  
And often it is that I wonder,  
If his feeling, I ever shall share.

Wilfred O'Connell, '35

## Horrors

Russia in early 1917! Slaughter! Wild people! Crazy people! Bolsheviks gradually getting control of everything! Royalty fleeing. Dead pigs, chickens and even cows in the streets. Dead and wounded in the streets. A horrible picture all of this! But true!

In a small shack, not far from the castle of Pavaloff, three children were huddled around a slowly dying fire. The tear stained faces were looking up into the tired face of a girl of seventeen. The girl was Dobajasna Vaschiff, a pretty peasant girl taking care of the children of Prince Pavaloff. Vassill and his gang of murderers were in the little town of Kievena kidnaping and killing the royalty and their children. Prince Pavaloff who trusted Dobajasna, had ordered her to take care of his children until he had made plans to escape into the little country of Esthonia, away from all this kidnaping and slaughter. Dobajasna expected the Prince any time for she had been with the children for fourteen hours now. Fear gripped her for an instant. Maybe the Prince had been killed. What would she do with the children? She had grown very fond of them and they in return trusted and loved her.

"Dobajasna," the tiny voice of Sonia interrupted her thoughts. "Dobajasna, someone is knocking at the door. Maybe it is Daddy!"

Quickly Dobajasna went to the door and opened the small wooden window.

"Who is there? If you are a beggar, go away! I am a poor widow and my children and I barely have enough food for ourselves."

Dobajasna had said the exact words that the Prince had told her to say if any one should knock. But it wasn't a beggar.

"Dobajasna, your brother is wounded in front of the Old Wine Shop. Go quickly! He may die. This is David."

"How do I know you speak the truth?"

"But Dobajasna your brother will die! Don't you trust me? Go quickly, I will stay with the children. He is too wounded to carry and has something important to tell you. I would have gladly brought the message to you, but he would not tell it to me."

Could it be — — — ? Yes it must be! She had to go! She had to trust David with the children. Anyway wasn't David her friend too? Quickly she lifted the latch and after giving David some instructions, she wrapped a heavy woolen coat around her and disappeared into the dark night.

At the old Wine Shop a gala time was going on. Men were singing and women were laughing. Near the entrance, a tall dark man was standing watching the party and occasionally glancing into the street at a wounded man who was trying to get on his feet. Once when he looked out, some old man had helped the wounded man to a sitting position, but now a girl, (a very young girl) was helping him. She was trying to help him stand up. Seeing the girl do her best and not succeeding, the tall dark man decided to give a hand.

"Excuse me Miss, but a peasant must help a peasant. Here I'll carry him into the Wine Shop."



"No, no you mustn't. Not into that place!" It was Dobajasna.

"Well then where?" He seemed to have a temper.

"Please don't bother. Just put him on that bench. Thank you."

He looked at her. He could take a hint.

Dobajasna sat near her brother rubbing his hands and waiting for him to speak. But he wouldn't and couldn't speak. She understood now why his hand was so cold. She had come too late! Frantically she looked around wondering what to do, and once more the tall dark man emerged from the Wine Shop.

"I tried to help you but . . . Here I'll take care of him. Have you any money? Never mind, I'll see that he gets a place to rest in."

Dobajasna started back to the shack with a heavy heart. She found David trying to amuse the children. He immediately realized that she had gone to her brother too late. Poor Dobajasna had not found whether her brother had been able to pawn the jewel for Prince Pavaloff. Dobajasna did not notice that David had left, so occupied was she in her thoughts. Again she was interrupted by a tiny voice.

"Dobajasna, I hear the noise of a sleigh coming up by the alley. It must be Daddy!"

Surely it must be the Prince. How could she tell the Prince that his famous jewel was lost and her brother was dead!

"Dobajasna open the door!"

In a daze she lifted up the latch.

"They're after us. If we get away immediately, we are safe. Get your coat

on. Girl! What is the matter with you? Get the children's coats on! We have no time to lose!"

Some one else had entered through the open door. It was the tall dark man. Dobajasna looked up into his face. She tried hard to remember where she had seen him before. His face looked familiar; everything around her looked familiar, but she seemed to be in a daze! Ah! Slowly she began to remember, to understand! This was the man who had killed her brother, taken the jewel and now was going to kidnap the Prince, the children and herself. She tried to speak! She tried to scream!

"Prince Pavaloff! This is the terrible Vassill. He'll kidnap you! Shoot him!"

She heard a shot and fainted. A bullet had grazed her shoulder. A terrific struggle followed between the Prince and the bandit. The children screamed. A shot! The Prince fell in a heap. Dead! A bullet right through his heart!

As Dobajasna came to, she found the children huddled in the corner crying. Near the door the Prince lay with a pool of blood beside him. Little Sonia was pointing to an object on the floor. The jewel. The famous Pavaloff Jewel! She could now use it as a means to escape with the children.

Outside the horses were getting impatient. Dobajasna knew what she would have to do. She forgot about her wounded shoulder and five minutes later she was in the sleigh driving through the wilderness with the children. They had all fallen asleep in the back seat and she herself felt very tired. Prince Pavaloff was no more! Her brother was dead! Soon she and the children would perish because she did

not know where she was going.

The next morning a group of soldiers

found their bodies and also the two horses, frozen to death.

Hilka Kaupinen, '35

### A Hard Man to Find

My father and I had a cabin back in the woods. About a mile from the cabin was a well; our only source of supply of water. The water was pumped through a pipe.

One day a pipe connection broke, so we wrote to the nearest town, twelve miles away, for a plumber. The mail was picked up only twice a week. It was three weeks before we heard from him. He wrote and said that he would be out that Wednesday, but he didn't come out that month. He came the following month.

He found the broken pipe, but he had forgotten his saw so he had to go back for it. He came back again in two weeks. During that time I had to carry the water in buckets.

One day my father couldn't stand it any longer so he rode into town to get the plumber. They came back in just one week and the plumber set to work on the pipe. The plumber then discovered that he had forgotten his threading machine. We thought all this had gone far enough.

If he had been a married man we wouldn't have done it, but he was single so we did it—quick and painless.

We buried him out in an alfalfa grove all by himself. We worried a little at first, but that feeling soon wore off, because we thought that if no one could find him while he was living, surely he would be harder than ever to locate now.

Richard McCormack, '35

### A Storm at Sea

The skies grow black.  
The wind begins to moan.  
The waves rolling high  
With clutching fingers seek  
To grasp the mighty ships  
And pull them to their gruesome depths.

On such a night  
When the elements roar,  
I thank the Lord  
I'm safe on shore.

John Nash, '36



## Georgia Stomp

### A Sketch

Dim lights . . . shadowy figures swaying to a tom-tom rhythm . . . saxophones sobbing . . . drums thudding reverberating tones . . . the voice of a "blues" singer weeping out a popular "blues" . . . ebony faces, rich chocolate faces, molasses faces, coffee-and-cream faces, cream faces, all happy, carefree faces . . . the drums beat faster . . . feet move faster throwing aside their former sluggish movement, sluggish like the Nile . . . Lithe bodies flinging madly away from each other . . .

slithering back together . . . "wild-catting" . . . shrill laughter . . . the shrieks of a gin-mad Negro rise luridly above the resounding drums . . . faster . . . wilder! . . . savage! . . . flaming! junglelike! . . . gay eyes challenge gayer eyes . . . thud, thud, thud . . . swing, swing, swing . . . no pause . . . faster . . . ceaseless . . . crescendo! . . . the saxophone gives a last agonized sob . . . the singer wails . . . the drums roar . . . their echoes fade away . . . . . Silence.

Gertrude Tanneyhill, '35

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## A Tragedy

It was a cold wintry day. As I came down the trail through the woods all was silence—that deep awesome silence that is only found in the forest on such a day as this one—a day when the sun seemed to be lost to man and a sort of damp gloom pervaded everything—a day when the birds and wild life seemed to cling back under cover and to become a part of the unbroken quiet. A dismal wretched day indeed! And as I strode along my thoughts were of the same gloomy nature. I was desperate. I had stood this deadly stillness as long as was possible for any normal human being. I blamed my state of mind on the loneliness of the wild life I had been leading. It was worse than any prison—this wall of forest that seemed to shut me in from the outside world—from life itself—and from which there was no escape.

My mind seemed to wander. I saw

again things that I had not dreamed of for many a month. Out of the gloom and dusk came the memory of that wretched shack and of my wife for whom I had made a home there. Oh, Marie, for whom I had worked and planned and who through all my misfortunes had been loyal. I remembered the days on end that I had spent hunting a job, only to return to the shack each night, unsuccessful. As the weeks went by and still I could get no work the little store of food at the shack dwindled into nothing. I remembered the courage of my wife and of her fruitless attempts to earn some money;—of how we managed from day to day on scraps, and potatoes we had raised.

But Marie became sickly. Winter came on. I secured a job for a few afternoons a week. I saved and went without, giving all to Marie. But

she grew worse instead of better. And then it happened. How vividly it all comes back. Marie so deathly sick and myself unable to secure medical aid. I determined on a plan so desperate that the thought of it frightened me. The details of the robbery yet stand out in my mind.

I carried it through and for a time all seemed safe. I used some of the money for food and fuel and Marie appeared better. My hopes soared. But hope did not last. Marie suffered a sudden set back and I knew she was

dying. I got the doctor but it was too late. I remember her last courageous words to me—words that since have driven me to remorse and shame beyond comprehension. But her going was not enough. My crime was discovered and with nothing to live for, I fled the law.

Eternities have passed since that day and still I roam the country-side with nothing ahead but a beggar's life and nothing in the past for me but morbid memories.

Miriam Taylor, '35

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### Rain—A Wealthy Ruler

Some tiny drops of water  
Are dripping on the pane;  
The mist has thickened into  
A fine and drizzly rain.

The drops are falling faster;  
They have become a sheet  
Of scattered crystals shining on  
A dark and dingy street.

Those gleaming little globules are  
For all the world to own—  
A multitude of lustrous gems  
Whose values are unknown.

They glint on anything large;  
They glint on all things small—  
They glitter, sparkle, glisten  
No matter where they fall.

The ruler in this world is rain,  
Who, with a lavish hand,  
Her precious jewels strews about  
To gloss o'er all the land.  
Elvie Eklund, '35

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### The "Children's" Hour

"The Adventures of Six-gun Levaggi, on the air! Hello, boys and girls. The makers of Rollstone (the cereal that makes boys and girls strong like gangsters) present the story of the notorious Six-gun Levaggi. At the end of the program, I will tell you how you may have a real automatic pistol and

a bullet-proof vest just like Levaggi has—free! . . . As you remember, last week we left little five year old Skippy Strongarm trailing twenty bad, bad men who——"

And we wonder at the alarming number of murders, kidnappings and other crimes committed. Of the many

so-called "children's" programs broadcast, there are very few that are really fit for children. The rest all seem to delight in glorifying the gangster, shootings, and rackets; or, if not in glorifying them, in filling the programs with them. Whichever it is, the children cannot help but think of these criminals as great heroes. Isn't it cute how they go out and "play cops and robbers" the next day? Isn't it cute, also, how, when they reach the age of sixteen or seventeen, they continue to play the same "game"—in a more serious manner—with real "cops"?

It is surprising that parents allow their children to listen to this rubbish.

Why is it ever broadcast? Does the sponsor think he can do his product credit in such a manner? How can we expect to curb crime if all its workings can be learned by a child in his own home?

There has been much ado lately concerning the films. This is very good, but what about the 15,000,000 receiving sets in the United States? The arm of radio is a long one. It can reach out and choke a growing generation or help it along. Why doesn't it help? Why not put a stop to what may be termed harmful propaganda, by means of government control or any other suitable method?

A. W. Piston, '36

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### I Play Cupid

I squinted at the meat poised gracefully on my fork, and at the fly poised gracefully on my meat, and, suddenly losing my appetite, I put fork, meat, and fly on the table.

The girl across the table watched me, amused.

"What are you so fussy for? Them flies are healthy."

"You may have my share," I answered politely. "I'll have some champagne, unless it's sold with drunken flies in it."

As I sipped a warm liquor which the waiter had unblushingly called "champagne a la-something", I gazed with interest at the room about me. It was crowded, mainly by foreigners who filled the room with their drowsy chatter; in fact, the whole restaurant, as a sign at the door called this room, was a picture of laziness; no creature stirred unnecessarily, except the flies, which

always managed to select, as their resting place, the food of new comers, not yet accustomed to such company. The atmosphere was brightened only by the red hair of the girl at my table. She now spoke.

"Do you know Jack Wilson?"

"Yep."

"I haven't seen him for six months. I—were you ever in love, stranger?"

"Nope." I hoped that she would let me finish my champagne before a fly decided to take swimming lessons.

"We lived in the same boarding house. He was always so sweet and happy. I never heard a cross word from him in all the years I knew him. I remember perfectly the last day I saw him; he was wearing the blue tie I always liked to see on him. I was going to fix it for him, but my hands were greasy. He went out, saying that he'd be back at noon. Noon came without

Jack; evening—no Jack. We broke into his room and found his trunk gone. Do you think he's safe?"

"Yep," I answered, glaring at a fly struggling in my drink.

"Now, six months later, I hear that he is in town, and I came here in the hope of finding him. I hope I succeed."

"Me too," I murmured, playfully ducking my friend, the fly, and suppressing a desire to inform my red-headed Evangeline that there are better methods of discovering lost lovers than by boring innocent people with dry talk.

It was dark when I finally managed to escape the red-headed talking machine. The streets were already deserted. My mind was in a jumble as I walked along—flies, red-heads, champagne, red-headed flies—Bump!

"Hey! Why doncha watch where ya goin'?"

"Same to—why, Jack Wilson!"

"Well, well, well! If it isn't ol' Bill himself!"

Unfortunately, Jack was in too great a hurry to stop longer, but he told me the name of the hotel where he was stopping and invited me to call.

The clock struck, and I sat up in bed, listening.

"Twelve o'clock, and not a wink of sleep!"

My conscience, which had not bothered me since I was expelled from school, was robbing me of sleep. I had met two lovers, separated by mischance. What should I do?

"All right, Mother Nature," I said finally, "I'll play Cupid first thing in the morning. Lemme sleep."

And I slept.

I was awakened next morning by the

singing of birds outside my window and by the—er—singing of a maid outside my door. I yawned and turned over, but my conscience reminded me that a separated pair needed my aid.

After a hasty breakfast, I went to the hotel at which Wilson was staying, and we talked over old times. An hour later I rose to go.

"So soon?" asked Jack, disappointed.

"Yes, but, Jack, I have a friend who wants to meet you. Shall I bring—er—him here? I'm sure you'll be glad to see him."

"Sure, sure," answered Jack. "I'll wait right here."

I left the hotel and hurried to the restaurant where I knew the red-head was eating her breakfast.

"Hurry, little one!" I shouted with a grand gesture of my right. "Finish that fly sandwich and come. We're going places!"

"That musta been **some** champagne ya had last night."

"Delay not, fair one. Jack Wilson, at this very moment, is pining away for you—"

"What!" she cried so suddenly that a fly hopped from his perch on her sandwich, "you—you've found him?"

"I did," I answered gallantly. "Come, oh light of this valley of flies."

We hastened to Wilson's hotel.

Having done my part as Cupid, I felt it only fair to be allowed to listen to the first remarks—at least. Besides, I thought, as the red-head hastened to the door of Wilson's room, it would be a grand ending if I could say, "I blushed and tip-toed silently from the door."

Our red-headed heroine entered the

room and closed the door behind her.

"Mary!"

"Jack!"

A strange silence ensued, broken at last by Jack.

"Here is the money."

"Thanks, you rat! And the next time you try to sneak off without paying your rent—."

I blushed and tiptoed silently from the door.

Joseph Pazniokas, '37

### The Traveling Salesman

Up the street he jauntily goes

With a peppy air and snappy clothes;

He swings a cleaner by his side—

His bright red tie is neatly tied,

His shoes are shined, his hair is brushed;

He seems to be neither slow nor rushed.

Up the steps to the door he walks

And rings the bell, or gently knocks;

The door is opened by a fair young bride

Who says, "Wipe your feet and come inside."

He steps inside and presents his case,

He attaches a plug to the nearest base,

He spills some ashes and dirt and "stuff"

About her house 'til she cries, "Enough!"

He pushes his machine across the floor

And the dirt and "stuff" is there no more;

For an hour an' a half he shows with pride

How his marvelous cleaner works inside;

How it deftly cleans every corner and niche

And all her house with never a hitch—

'Til finally she thanks him very much,

"For giving the house that extra touch."

She says she can't buy a cleaner today

And sends him wondering on his way.

"Will this sort of business ever pay?"

Anthony Piston, '36

### Loyal Hearts

The greedy grasping hands of Russia, Germany and Austria had clutched the helpless little country of Poland and had torn it into three separate parts. The Poles were treated miserably and cruelly under Germany and Russia,

while Austria alone treated them as human beings. Russia especially mistreated the people. She prohibited all religion except her own, took all the Polish wealth and used it for her own benefits, and cruelly punished anyone



who spoke or taught the Polish language after Poland lost her independence. The peasant farmers lived in abject misery and poverty and their children were either not allowed to go to school, or when they did go, they were taught to believe only in the Russian government.

In one section of the country lived an old couple who hated Russia with all the hate in their stolid old hearts. They had, living with them four grandchildren whom they loved all the more because they had developed the fine traits of their parents who had been beaten to death when they had tried to inspire their fellow-men to defy the Russians. The old grandfather taught his little grandchildren to respect their own native flag and to aspire to win back her independence when they grew of age.

On a late September evening the little house was still and dark except in the tiny kitchen where, gathered around the fire, sat the family group. The children, in tattered clothes, huddled close together, listened with dreamy eyes to the beautiful poem their grandfather was reciting to them in the Polish language. He knew he would be imprisoned if he was heard speaking in any other language but the Russian; however, he wanted to bring up his grandchildren to speak their own language and to be patriotic Poles. At the present moment, as he sat straight and tall in his deep chair, the quality of which gave a hint of better days gone by, his eyes sparkled, with yet a wistful look behind them, and his voice trembled with a deep, hidden emotion. His gray-ing hair was fine and thin and reflected a touch of red from the crackling fire

on the grate. As the narrative gained interest the man's voice rose and fell, at first slowly and softly, then louder and louder, while the children, with their chins cupped in their hands listened breathlessly, and admiringly watched the smooth gestures of his fine, blue-veined hands.

On a low chair from the grandfather, sat his wife who had let her knitting fall unheeding as she gazed absently into space. Behind her clear dark eyes showed the suffering she had undergone, and though they were sad eyes a flicker of comfort and peace forced its way through them as she listened. The grandmother's hair had long turned silky white and in the flickering shadows of the corner in which she sat, it formed a lovely halo around her face. Her hands were small yet looked capable as they rested, tightly clasped in her lap.

This was a scene of peace and happiness unbroken by any other sound save the voice of the old man and the escaping sighs of the children. True they were not free peasants, but they had each other to love and to comfort; and the memories of long ago helped to ease the present suffering and hardships and to make their lives calmer and peaceful.

Suddenly—a distant rumble, growing louder and louder. Utter silence before the fireplace. Grandfather with his head raised, listening and with eyes sharp and defiant; grandmother with unashamed, frank fear leaping into her face; and the children not knowing whether to sit still or to rush into the protecting shelter of the grandparents' arms!

The clatter of hoofs stopped at the



door, and gruff voices told the frightened family that a great misfortune was to befall them. The soldiers rushed in upon the pitiful group and the leader asked in a burly voice for Citizen Josef Dvorak. The grandfather quietly arose, "I am Josef Dvorak. What is it you want?" he asked in his native tongue. The enraged leader wondering at this man who could so openly defy him, thundered, "You are accused of speaking and teaching your children the ugly Polish language. You are not a good Russian subject and you do not attend the Russian church. In the morning you shall start on your most enjoyable trip to Siberia." With these words he loudly guffawed.

Again the scene changed. Tears. Pleas. Coarse laughter by the police. The little house scarcely resembled in any way the quiet dwelling of a few minutes before. In her chair the aged woman could hardly comprehend the scene at first, and then her heart con-

tracted and sudden pain leaped into her eyes. But she was proud of her husband who bravely stood with tears brimming his eyes, looking for the last time at his home and dear ones.

Two of the policemen took his arms and the children scuttled to the arms of their babka. One of the little boys who had loitered in leaving his grandpa's side was hurried on his way by a large rough foot, as he ran whimpering to his grandmother.

Out of the jumble of sounds the words of the grandfather which stopped for a minute all the others, were heard, and they showed all the bravery and loyalty of the valiant old citizen.

"Do not weep, my children. I am old and would die soon, and there is no better way to die than in upholding the standards and language of our own country. Even though I cannot be with you in body, my spirit shall be here to look after you always."

Irene Lutz, '35

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### Life's Best Things

Worms that crawl out of the ground,  
They appear without a sound.  
Ever wonder where they're bound?

Clouds that wing across the blue,  
Seems they float the whole day through.  
Ever wonder why they do?

Rain that from above descends,  
Rain on which we all depend.  
Ever wonder what its end?

Birds that fly up in the sky,  
They can neither talk nor cry.  
Don't you ever wonder why?

All these things, they make up life.  
Songs of love and thoughts of strife  
All these thoughts are not our choice,  
They speak to us in Nature's voice.

Louis Prager, '35

### A Boring Position Indeed

Though to some a job in a telegraph office might appear to be the height of boredom, I, holding this position myself, believe that one, if he is observant, may come in contact with more interesting facts than is possible in any other vocation. In my experience as a telegraph operator, I have seen many examples of love, hatred, jealousy, and passion pass through my hands, but one example remains fixed in my mind. In the messages printed below, I shall not bore the reader (as much as possible) by including unnecessary data, but shall try to make this narrative as concise as possible:

Hotel Bradford  
New York City, New York  
Dear Betty,

Have just arrived in Cleveland. Stop. Expect to accomplish much in new capacity.

Love,  
Dave

Jones, Jones and Finklestein  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Dear Dave,

Received your telegram. Stop. Hope you are well.

Love,  
Betty

Hotel Bradford  
New York, New York  
Dear Betty,

Am now doing well. Stop. Please fulfill your promise and marry.

Love,  
Dave

A week later I read this announcement in the local paper:

### BETTY KANE TO MARRY EXPLORER, WILFRED JONES

The engagement of this young couple was arranged today. The nuptial ceremonies will be performed in The Little Church Around the Corner, with Mr. Kane, the famous automobile manufacturer and his charming wife in attendance . . .

Beside this announcement was the following:

### BREWSTER, EXECUTIVE, DEAD

Dave Brewster, rising young firm manager, having been missing for several weeks, was found today, dead, crushed by a freight train. His ragged clothes and tattered beard prove that he has been wandering for some time. The reason for his death was probably accidental . . .

Nelson Hepburn, '36

### The N. H. S. Class of 1895

During the month of June, 1895 probably the most loyal class of any high school, college, or university in the history of the United States graduated from Norwood High School. There were only twelve members of that class but on September 30, 1934 that very same class held its 39th

annual reunion and its 79th meeting since that never to be forgotten graduating day.

The Class of '95 has had from one to three meetings during every year since its graduating day thirty-nine years ago.

As I sat looking at a picture taken

of eleven members of the class at the annual reunion in 1899 I saw one male member possessed of a full-grown beard and a mustache, while two others were possessed of distinguishing mustaches.

There were six boys and six girls of the class of '95 and on their tenth annual reunion in 1905 the class had printed a little program on thick pink paper with the design of a silver shield on the cover. This silver shield was the exact duplicate in size, coloring and lettering, of their class pins of 1895.

Most of the class of '95 reside in Norwood. There are some members who live in cities in different states such as San Angelo, Texas; Reading, Pennsylvania, and Portland, Maine. In Massachusetts six live in Norwood, one in Winchendon, and one in Lynn. Only one member of the class has died. This was Mrs. Emily Chickering Stone, the wife of the former minister of the Baptist Church, Rev. Ralph Stone. She died in Clinton, Mass. in May, 1926.

As more of the members were getting married the Class of '95 voted that the husbands and the wives of the original members should be admitted as associate members of the class.

During an interview with the present secretary Miss Anna Ellis, she told me that the question of admitting the children of the member's families as associate members had been discussed at recent meetings. The object is to have the spirit of 1895 carried on despite the falling off in membership which time will eventually bring about. Since the class has a constitution, an amendment is necessary in order to allow for such a provision.

On June 25, 1925 the Class of '95 held its 30th annual reunion which was the best one the class ever attended. For the first time in the history of the class, a two day reunion was held in Greenfield. On the second day, a ride over the Mohawk Trail was enjoyed by everyone. The class resided at the Wheldon Hotel during the stay. The manager of the hotel was Mr. Sellers, a former Norwood business man.

A fact which is unknown even today to some members of the 1895 class is that Mr. Sellers, the hotel manager, sent a special despatch to the New York Times about the remarkable loyalty and record of the class. The despatch was printed by the editor and as no article was received from another source of a longer record, it is conceded by all, including the editor of the New York Times, that the Norwood High School Class of 1895 stands alone in its achievement.

On September 28, 1925 a special meeting was held in the Wrenmore Inn, Wrentham, in honor of Miss Catherine Bigelow of San Angelo, Texas who was making her first visit to Norwood since 1913. At this meeting an invitation to hold the following meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fegley of Reading, Pennsylvania was accepted by the group.

An editorial in the Walpole Times newspaper of July 7, 1933, said this about the Class of '95: "The record of this class deserves more than passing notice. In all probability it is the proudest record of friendship and good-will ever established by any high school class, anywhere."

The 40th annual reunion will be in the form of a two day meeting in Wolf-

boro, N. H. where the class will go as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln D. Robbins, the former, an original member of the class. This reunion will be held during the forthcoming June, 1935.

Below is the forty year old class song. The words were written by Walter Bagley and the music by Emily Leach.

The time for parting has come,  
Our High School course is o'er;  
In the halls and in the classroom  
We must part to meet no more.  
We think of happy High School days,  
Of each pleasant, bygone hour,  
And remember these few words always,  
That "Knowledge, it is power."

And as I look around the class,  
On each bright and smiling face,  
I wonder how the years will pass  
When in life each takes his place,  
From the din of many a hard won fight,  
From the strife of every day,  
May each come victorious into light,  
And to fortune find the way.

(Note—This history of the class of 1895 which has been written here was obtained through conversations with different members of the class of '95 and from the secretarial reports which have been compiled since the class graduated from Norwood High School in 1895).

George R. Kelly, '35

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### The Forest Concert

Out from the woods comes a delicate melody—  
Sounds of a heavenly choir.  
What can it be, in this mystical wilderness  
Sweet as the sound of a lyre?

Oh, 'tis the voice of the nymphs of the deep greenwood  
Joined in harmonious tune.  
Always each year with songs ever so joyous, they  
Welcome the coming of June.

Dorothy Merrill, '36

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### Unconquered

Three men were slowly making their way up the snow covered mountain-side. They spoke not a word, but each kept his gaze fixed on the top of the mountain—that was their goal.

These men were endeavoring to do what many a man had given his life to accomplish—scale the heights of Mt. Helenus, the most treacherous peak in

the Italian Alps. A prize of \$50,000 was the incentive which inspired these soldiers of fortune.

The men had now been climbing for some days and had reached a height of 25,000 feet. The weather was getting colder and the men were finding it difficult to breathe. Small flakes of snow began to fall. Still they plodded

upward without speaking a word. Then one, overcome with fatigue, stumbled and fell. He did not rise. His two companions gazed down on him, turned, and resumed their ascent. The wind got colder. The men pulled their furs closer around them. The race for the \$50,000 was between two men. That night neither man slept much. Each feared one would take advantage to gain time while the other slept.

The next day the clouds hung low over the mountain and each man felt great anxiety. Nor were their fears groundless. The wind began to grow louder and the falling snow concealed the top of the mountain. The cold seeped through their furs and for the first time the men felt cold. Now, they had to keep moving, or else freeze to death. The snow piled higher and higher, the going became more difficult, and the steps of the men slower. Then the smaller of the two men uttered a cry of despair and fell in a heap in the snow. The solitary survivor did not even look upon the second victim of the treacherous undertaking, but lowered

his head and began to buffet the wind and snow which were fast gaining in velocity. Nothing could now prevent him from gaining the prize of \$50,000.

After walking for what seemed more like hours than minutes, the man began to feel his whole body becoming numb. His senses seemed to leave him. Then he fell headlong upon the frozen ground, only to pick himself up and take a few steps. When he was no longer able to rise, he made his way on hands and knees. All he could see or feel was the \$50,000. It drove him onward up the mountain. Surely his goal—the top of the mountain, must be near. How he cursed the storm as he felt it sap his strength. For a moment he lay prone on the ground. Then with a superhuman effort he regained his feet—took one step—then fell face downward in the snow.

And still does this majestic mountain as the mighty monarch on his throne, gaze down on the world below, and he smiles dolefully whenever he glimpses these soldiers of fortune attempting to reach his unsullied crown.

Wilfred O'Connell, '35

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### Art Supreme

It begins with a slow movement of silver strings. The cellos come in with the countermelody, adding a note of sadness. The music rises and falls in perfect rhythm, and the consonant sounds describe an ethereal world of rapturous beauty. Slowly the tempo is increased and the listener tenses with expectancy at the troubled and then stirring melody. He becomes fired by

a surge of inciting tones. The climax finds the nerves in a high pitch of passionate heat. A feeling of righteous exaltation pervades his soul with an unparalleled emotion of thrilling ecstasy combining the depths of sorrow and the heights of joy. Such is the power of music written by a man who must needs have lived to the fullest of life's emotions.

Frank Simoni, '35



### Rumble Seats

Some people like rumble seats; others dislike them. The majority must like them or else the automobile companies would not keep on putting them in the automobiles.

Let us decide why people don't like these fairly new contraptions. The greater part of the people who don't like the rumble seats are over twenty-five. They say that the rumble seats are too drafty. Indeed they are breezy! Another reason is that one can't see anything except from the side and usually when the rider gets alongside the object, the car is going so fast that he is unable to see it anyway. It is an art to get into a rumble seat. Of course people hate to get into one when they don't know how. That will all be taken care of with practice. They also say that once one gets in the rumble seat, his legs are cramped and begin to get stiff. The rumble seat is right over the back wheels, therefore when the car goes over a bump, one receives a jolt. With the jolt the knees bang against

the car. All this is enough for the patience of anyone. When one arrives at one's destination, he is relieved that no bones are broken. Then he has to climb out. The climbing out is worse than the getting in.

On the other hand most of the people who do like the rumble seat are under twenty-five. They like it because it is drafty. They love to feel the wind blow through their hair. They are young and spry and they simply jump into the rumble seat. They don't care much about what they are passing by. They go bouncing over the bumps and they laugh and enjoy them. When they are laughing, they don't seem to notice that their knees are bumping against the car. When they have arrived home, they have had an enjoyable ride. They are so gay that they jump out and don't even think about the right way of getting out.

Therefore, we had better let the younger people ride in the rumble seats and allow the older people to ride in the front seat.

Dorothy Probert, '36

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### At Night

The night is dark, the silence dense,  
When from the top of the back-yard fence,  
Comes a cat's meow a wailing cry;  
And around the corner, striving to fly,  
A small black pup comes tearing past,  
While close behind, and gaining fast,  
The cat whose cry the peace did rend  
Glides swiftly by, with fur on end.

J. F. Coughlin, '36



## The New Secretary

"—and so I am going to retire and enjoy life," ended Miss Julia Hawthorne, trusted secretary and old friend of Lawrence Brooks, head of a law firm. His father had died a few years before, leaving the business to young Larry. Julia Hawthorne had been employed by his father for many years and he had respected her judgment and advice as he had no one else's. She had proved of valuable assistance to Larry when he had been left to carry on the business and thus, it was with great dismay that he faced the necessity of getting someone to fill Julia's place.

"You can get along without me now," said that very estimable lady, "and I am going to give some younger woman a chance, and maybe you'll get married."

Larry laughed, for this was Julia's favorite theme—that he ought to get married to some nice girl who would be an asset to him socially. If anyone else had made the suggestion, he would have been very much irritated, but coming from Julia, employee of his father's firm for nearly thirty years, it always amused him and yet touched him for he knew she had his welfare at heart.

Larry realized that anyone who could fill Julia's position would have to be a very exceptional person. Thus it was, that in that night's Transcript, there appeared this advertisement: "Wanted, a woman, thirty years of age, with a knowledge of law, for position of secretary and lawyer's assistant. In order to prove courage, tact and ability, the applicant must answer in some novel way."

What was Larry's surprise, at closing time, to receive a telegram with this message: "I am perfect person for position. Will report in morning."

Larry scowled—the impertinence of her! Well, she certainly had answered in a novel way and had been quick about it, too. Nevertheless, if she thought she could get the job through sheer nerve—well, she'd soon find out.

Next morning, he found a sign on the door of his outer office, "Position Filled." He passed through the outer office, which was empty for it was still early. On entering his private office, determined to put this young upstart in her place, he found his office all in order and a brisk, alert young woman awaiting him.

"Good morning, Mr. Brooks. I am Jean Winters, your new secretary. I know you must think I am crazy but, you see, Julia Hawthorne, my aunt, told me about the position and that she thought I was just the one for it. Then your "ad" last night almost spoiled everything, so I just had to do it this way. Here is a letter from Miss Hawthorne—and, won't you please give me a chance?" All in one breath, from this amazing person.

Larry looked at her and then opened the letter. It ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Brooks,

I intended to send my niece, Jean, to you this morning, but without any word from me as she wished to obtain the position on her own merits. I felt sure she was capable of doing so. Then you, you young Jackanapes almost lost

the best assistant you could hope to get, by putting that advertisement in the paper last night—."

There was more in the same vein for Miss Julia Hawthorne was outspoken as Larry well knew, but he had come to expect her eccentricities.

If Julia recommended the girl, she had not done so because of the relationship; he could rely on that. He decided to give Jean the position and she soon proved to be a worthy successor of Miss Hawthorne. When Mr. Brooks

wrote words to that effect to Miss Julia, she answered that, of course, Jean was doing well in the position, since *she*, Julia, had said so, and inquired how he liked her personally.

A few days after that came a telegram from Mr. Lawrence Brooks to Miss Julia Hawthorne.

"Jean has accepted another position. Her name is changed to Mrs. Lawrence Brooks."

Larry.

Edith Letteney, '36

### 300 Years of Education

We are too close to the past three centuries of Education in America to judge it fairly. We are just beginning to feel its effects. Nevertheless obvious advancement has been made, and it is in honor of this advancement that we, the nation, are to celebrate.

This year, 1935, marks 300 years of education through the public schools in our country. It wasn't an easy task to get the standard of education where it is today. People deprived themselves and suffered hardships to gain this priceless possession. For 300 years now, the public schools have made an education within the reach of the greater part of the population. So owing to the grand success of these schools there is to be a great celebration all over the country throughout the year.

The Boston Latin School was the forerunner of modern high schools, and it is primarily in honor of its 300th anniversary that this celebration is being held. This fine old school was established solely for the preparation of boys

for college. Today it is still doing the same thing. It has always been a classical high school and has always been successful in its aim to give the boys of Boston, who wanted it, the best preparation possible for college. From 1635 to 1935 the Boston Latin School has built up a splendid record for itself. For this reason, and because it gave birth to the American Public Schools, we owe it 300 years worth of congratulations.

The public schools have gone through many stages during the past 300 years. Compare the fine, well-equipped buildings of our day with the crude, poorly-constructed buildings of 300 years ago.

Impediments were numerous to those early young people striving to get an education. Conditions everywhere were the same. The people lived at such great distances from one another and from the towns, that the attendance at the schools was greatly hindered. Traveling conditions were of the worst as

most of the traveling had to be done on foot and the roads were bad. During the winter months many were unable to attend owing to the severe cold and the great distances they were forced to travel. In the Fall, during the harvest, all hands were needed at home. Considering all these difficulties it is easy to see why the attendance was meagre, and why a boy or girl was considered fortunate if he or she got only two or three months schooling out of the whole year.

Adding to these difficulties was the equipment which was naturally very crude in the earliest schools. Owing to the rude structures called schoolhouses, conditions within were far from comfortable. The buildings were very loosely constructed, and the stoves used to heat them were far from adequate. The pupils were expected to furnish the firewood as tuition, and those who were unable to, were forced to sit away from the fire in some cold corner. Desks were unheard of luxuries and their place was taken by rough, hard, benches.

In the very earliest schools no books at all were available for a time. Soon the hornbook came into prominence and later the renowned "New England Primer". The intense desire of the Puritans that their children should be able to read and understand the Holy Scriptures, caused the Bible to hold a prominent place in the school. It was not only read, but carefully studied. The main object in those early days, of learning to read, was so that one could read the Bible.

The extent of the curriculum in the first schools was usually limited to the "3 R's". Reading, as has been men-

tioned, was accomplished primarily through the Primer and the Bible. Writing in those days was treated as a fine art and interesting because it was ornamental. The study of arithmetic was limited. The earliest books contained no problems for the pupil to solve, but under each rule one or two examples were fully explained, leaving it to the teacher to furnish other examples for the pupil's experience.

As is still often the case today in some rural sections, the pupils were all herded in one room with one teacher to teach all subjects and all grades. This of course was rather a handicap and hindered advancement. In the earliest days the teachers were often narrow, bigoted and had stern religious principles. The students were not allowed much self-expression and naturally their train of thought followed that of the teacher.

Leaving those very early schools and coming down to those in the middle of the 19th century we see that the meagre attendance of the former years was about to change. During this period social and economic conditions were rapidly changing. The great Industrial Era was just beginning and the head of the family was receiving larger wages than he used to. No longer were boys and girls forced into the ranks of producers at such an early age as formerly. All this meant a longer school period, and the result was the creation of the public high school. Boston, Massachusetts once more was the leader in educational advancement. It was the first city to establish a public high school with a two to four year course of study. This was in 1821.

The establishment of the high school

brought fresh problems and new demands. New questions regarding the course of study arose. A prescribed classical-course which had answered all purposes when supplemented by the broader and more extended study at college was found to fit the student inadequately for the active duties of life when he lacked this college training.

The schools then began to make experiments with the course of study, and this experimentation is still going on. The first move in the direction of making the high school more nearly meet the demands of every-day life was through the addition of a number of subjects covering more extensive fields to the regular course.

Today the high schools offer a comparatively broad course of study to

their young people. Advancement has been slow—very slow, but today America has to offer to its young people an education so far removed and so far advanced from that of 300 years ago that there is scarcely any comparison.

Three hundred wide centuries have been breached in educational advancement. The 17th century brought the public school into being with its crude Dame Schools. The 18th century is noted for its Colonial Schools which were little improvement over those of the preceding century. The 19th century introduced what is known to us as the modern high school and the 20th century boasts fine, modern, well-equipped buildings. There is no telling what the 21st century will bring forth.

Carol Everett, '35

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### A Philosophy of Life

The Valley Tech baseball team had had an undefeated season. This was due largely to the phenomenal pitching of Dave Garrett, the captain of the team. The championship game was only four days off, when a terrible thing happened.

Dave, the captain, was a poor boy who was working his way through college. He lived at home with his father, an old miner who had been blinded in a mine blast. An unusually strong attachment was built up between them. Dave's father used to sit and listen to Dave's glowing accounts of the games he had pitched and his kind old face shone with pride when the last ball was pitched—the last man thrown out, and another victory chalked up for Valley Tech. The whole college knew of, and understood Dave's strong affection for

his father. The championship game was to be played on Saturday. On Wednesday Dave received a telegram telling him to come home at once—his father had died of a sudden heart attack.

The news spread like wild-fire through the college. Hopes for the championship which were high, fell to a low level. Valley Tech was depending on Dave to lead them to victory, but the sudden shock would probably render him unable to pitch.

Everyone was wondering how Dave would react. On Friday the team had its usual practice period, but the snap, the pep and the teamwork was lacking when Dave was not there. The game was as good as lost.

On Saturday morning, Dave was again back on the campus. He headed for the office of the athletic director,



followed by the questioning looks of several of the students who had noticed his return. The coach saw him coming and came out to meet him. After expressing his sympathy the coach came straight to the point. "Will you be able to pitch today?" he began. "We don't want to force you if you'd rather not

play."

And then a surprising thing happened. A happy smile spread all over Dave's face. "Of course I want to pitch, Coach," he said. "I know that this is the first game that Dad will be able to see me pitch!"

E. Miles Brown, '36

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### A Day in Spring

Wind!  
More wind!  
Blue sky above  
The song of birds in flight  
The tacit words of tree to tree,  
Glad now the winter cold is gone;  
The ripple of a nearby brook  
Which gurgles in its joy;  
A day in spring—  
With wind!  
Wind!

Victoria Giampa, '35

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### At Last a Glimpse of Hope

When the proud parents of Ralph Caldron looked down on the bundle of clothes that enveloped that mite of human flesh that was their son, little did they know what the future had in store for him, and the blow he was to receive.

Ralph grew and learned as fast as most youngsters do, and he proudly exhibited his school work to his father and his mother. All the spare moments that his father had, the boy spent with him in the library, the garage, the garden or wherever else his father happened to be. He struggled with a rake or snow shovel, doing his best to show his dad he could work. In the spring evenings, after his office hours, this dad

of Ralph's would play ball with his boy, or some other game that the young one wanted particularly to play. How the light did shine in the boy's eyes the day his dad gave him his new tricycle—the one he had helped to earn by picking the apples up or wiping off the car! Many were the experiences of this sort which were impressed on the lad's mind through the years in school.

Then when Ralph was in the ninth grade and just getting to the age when he could talk over things and confide in his dad, Fate took a hand.

Mr. Caldron was taken sick. Ralph will never forget the day that he came home from his music lesson and saw the tear-stained face of his mother in



the window. His father had only six months to live, as he was a victim of that dreaded disease, cancer. After many weeks of suffering, physical for his father, but mental, distorting pain in the heart for the boy, Mr. Caldron died. Ralph's life ended then too. What good was life, if he had no father to advise him and take part in his pleasures? Why should he be the one to suffer this loss? What had he done that Providence should take one of the two most cherished things from his life?

Ralph lived one day after the other, taking life as it came but getting no happiness or joy out of anything. After nearly two years of mental anguish, after taking a friend's advice and participating in activities so as to dull the sharpness of the blow, he was still at

a loss. His work meant nothing to him. He did work for the neighbors, anything to keep him from thinking, thinking, thinking of what he had lost and was never to regain.

Then it suddenly came over him. He must not spend his life grieving. His dad wouldn't want him to. He must choose some objective, some work and make it his goal. At last a glimpse of hope had appeared, something for which to aim. After many hours of deliberation and talking it over with people who could give him worthwhile advice, he chose his career. He chose to be a surgeon, a helper of humanity, one who would do his best to rid the world of the disease that had taken his most cherished companion—to give his life's energy to try to rid the world of cancer.

William Blair, '35

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### Spring Advances

Spring has come to the meadow.  
There the brook, awakening,  
Sings again her song of freedom;  
There the robin's song is heard  
Clear and joyous on the air,  
Calling all who listen  
To a Spring-time, new and buoyant,  
In the meadow.

Yet on the woody hillside  
Winter lingers—  
Still unwilling to abandon  
This last retreat  
Where icy snows remain to smother  
Every sound of life beneath their cover.

But the cold and drear of winter  
Can not stay, forever, here,  
For the Spring which filled the meadow  
Will soon follow with its freshness  
To the hill.

Miriam Taylor, '35

### Storm at Sea

The wind blew hard,  
The storm clouds came,  
Lightning streaked the sky.

A crackling sound,  
Her masts gave way  
And fell across the deck.

The billows roared,  
The waves dashed high,  
The schooner rolled and tossed.

Her men were brave,  
Nor once complained  
As water filled her hull.

The crew toiled hard,  
Tho each man knew,  
In vain against the sea.

Elizabeth Traquair, '35

### The First Day at Camp

Dear Diary,

What a time we always have on our first day in camp. Some of the kids are so dumb! But they'll get over it.

Four of us in our cabin are old campers, but the fifth—! Her name's Dora and the "dumb" certainly should go with it. This morning when the bugle blew, she wanted to know what all the noise was. When we told her it was time to get up, she merely turned over and said she never got up before ten anyway. And the way she drawled it out made it all the funnier. However, she soon found out that she had to get up sooner here, for we ripped the blanket off and "administered a few well-directed cracks"—all in fun, of course. Then with the help of a nice wet wash-cloth, we soon got her out of bed.

Then when she heard she had to take a cold shower, she nearly toppled over. So we had to drag her out to the showers. I don't know how wet she really got, but we heard her squealing in there as if she were being murdered.

Then the "poor child" could hardly even dress herself. Evidently she's always had servants waiting on her, hand and foot, so probably her parents thought it would be a good idea for her to get a little "outdoor life." Bah!

Well, between dressing ourselves and getting Dora dressed, we were nearly late for inspection. If we hadn't dressed her I don't know where she would have been. As it was, she was quite a bit mussed up, but seeing it was her first day, she wasn't marked.

Breakfast was a little better. Thank goodness they taught her how to eat at home. The only trouble was she kept looking for "Meadows" to wait on her.

But when it came time for cleaning up the cabin, she was even worse than we expected. I don't believe she even knew what a broom looked like, and as for making her bed, she didn't know the head from the foot.

I'm sure I don't know what sports or crafts she's signed up for. She got away from us somehow and we didn't bother to look for her too much. Let

some one else look after her for a change.

Rest hour certainly was a riot. In the first place, Dora couldn't understand why we ever had such a thing as rest hour. Why, that was only for babies! (If she only knew how much of a baby she is in certain ways!) But finally she got it through her head that it was a rule of the camp, that she was to take it as well as the rest of us, and that under no conditions was she to talk. It certainly was hard work for her, but she went through it pretty well.

The tide was just right so that we could have swimming right after rest hour. That was where she certainly surprised us—in the water. We took it for granted that she'd make an awful fuss about going in the water, but we certainly were mistaken. She was out on the pier, climbed up to the high board, and did one of the most perfect dives I've ever seen. Then she started out for

the raft. Connie and I were on guard duty in the boat, so it was up to us to watch her. But she certainly didn't need any attention. She's without doubt, the best swimmer in the camp. Afterwards she told us that swimming was one thing she loved, and she'd taken lessons in that and diving every year as long as she could remember.

Tonight at camp-fire, some of the older campers put on an entertainment—at its best. Of course, they hadn't had any time to practice it, but that made it all the funnier. We all went back to our cabins in gales of laughter over their funny antics.

I guess the excitement and rush of the first day was almost too much for Dora. She really admitted that she was tired. She's asleep now, I guess, and the last warning before taps hasn't blown yet. But—oh, there it is now. I guess I'll have to imitate Dora and get to sleep, too.

Dorothy Merrill, '36

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### Youth

He gains the stride with strength—and  
pride

He takes each risk and dare

He has his dreams and visions burning

With illusions colored and rare.

He is so young—so long in learning  
That life holds worry, woe, and care.

Marie Gotovich, '36

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### Lost at Sea

The steam trawler Langam, shipping from Boston had been fishing on the Ground Banks for a month and now needed but one more good haul to fill the hold. Captain John Lincoln had had the crew out in the two small boats all the forenoon in search of a school of fish. About two o'clock in the afternoon the awaited school was sighted.

This turned out to be a good haul and by five o'clock they had started towards Boston and home.

The deck was deserted save for the forward watch and the helmsman, as all the rest of the crew were below decks making merry over the fact that the fishing was all done for this trip. Then too the fish prices had gone up

and if the boat reached Boston within two days the entire crew would get an increase in pay.

The weather had been fairly good, and the boat was making an average of ten knots an hour. The wind, however, had been increasing until now it was blowing quite a stiff gale. This made the sea rougher thus slowing the boat down considerably. The boat was heaving heavily with the swells, and the waves were beginning to break over the deck with each dip of the bow. Finally, Captain Lincoln gave orders to lash the equipment to the deck and to double the watch.

The wind had increased and with the rain which had started to fall, the boat was heaving all the more with the waves breaking over the port bow with a roar.

All quite unknown to the helmsmen, the two men on the forward watch had gone to their graves in the deep. They had been carried overboard with the forward life-boat when a great wave swept over the bow. This made the situation more dangerous for the others aboard as there was no forward watch and the ship was running blind.

The ship was still going well at ten o'clock, when with an ear splitting crash and sudden jolt, the craft came to a sudden stop. All hands in the cabin below decks were thrown on the floor and the wheel was suddenly whipped from the helmsman's grasp. The next minute Captain Lincoln was racing

along the deck yelling to all hands to fall out.

By this time the water was fast filling the forward hold, coming through a large hole in the starboard bow. Members of the crew quickly manned the hold in the vain attempt to patch the pumps while others descended into the hole. They found it to be a useless attempt as practically all the lower part of the starboard bow had been carried away when the trawler had run into a large iceberg.

Thus, finding it useless to attempt to patch up the hole, Captain Lincoln gave orders to man the life-boats, of which there were two, one forward and one aft. However, to the dismay of the crew, the forward boat had been carried away long before with the men on watch. This left only the boat in the stern, and this boat could only hold eight of the twelve of the remaining crew, at the most. This being the case, the entire crew decided to stay aboard the Langam and take their chances of being rescued by some other boat before their boat went down.

The forward hold kept filling with water, and even though the boat stayed afloat longer than was expected, due to the efforts of the crew at the pumps, and the trapped air in the aft hold, she finally sank with all hands aboard.

Nothing was heard of the boat again and members of the crew were recorded as, lost at sea.

Arthur Davis, '36

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## Life

A bud  
A blossom  
No stones,—nor thorn

A droop  
A quiver  
No more—'tis gone  
Marie Gotovich, '36

# Book Reviews

## The Great God Brown

By EUGENE O'NEILL

This play is a very fine portrayal of human nature. The author not only shows us how the character publicly responds to the everyday hardships and trials of life, but he also shows us a person's inner feelings. To enable the reader to understand the dual personalities of his characters, the author has them wear masks. When a person is with someone else, he wears the mask which expresses the emotions he wishes the world to see; but when he is alone, he takes off that mask and shows us his real personality.

Eugene O'Neill, in a very clever man-

ner, also shows us how our training and how our friends may influence our personalities. The play gives us the entire life of two young boys. One of these boys was brought up very well and became a successful business man. The other boy, who was brought up by parents who did not understand him, lived in his dreams and led a miserable life.

You will enjoy this excellently written play if you like to read about true life, heartaches, misfortune, and broken dreams. This drama reveals some happiness but most of it shows up the bitterness and futility of life.

Helen Babinska, '35

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## The Cathedral

By HUGH WALPOLE

Scenes of provincial life in the typical Cathedral towns of Queen Victoria's reign are cleverly and accurately portrayed in Hugh Walpole's novel, "The Cathedral".

In these towns in England the cathedral was the center not only of religious activity, but also of social and political activities. Usually, one man was the actual leader of these towns even though his nominal position was not the highest. Archdeacon Brandon holds the leader's position in this particular Cathedral town. The book shows his rise and fall, how as a young man he works his way up from a canon to

an archdeacon; then, how, at the height of his fame and glory, his whole world topples in ashes around him.

The political intrigue in this town is amazing. The clergymen, supposedly all working together, really resemble morons in their desperate attempts to have everything work out as they wish. The selfishness and inconsideration of others is appalling; almost every character shows both. Particularly notable here is Canon Ronder, a London man, who comes to this little out-of-the-way town to jolt the people out of their peaceful, conventional lives to the havoc and turmoil of the moderns. His



unscrupulous tactics in forcing people to think his way, his ruthless pushing aside of everything that interferes with his plans, his utter disregard for the emotions and feelings of other people all contribute to a personality that is instrumental in bringing about Brandon's downfall.

Brandon's power is apparent in the first part of the prelude. However, the conclusion of this section forecasts the loss of his power. The second part, "The Whispering Gallery," deals the first blow at the base of Brandon's glory. His adored son, Falk, is expelled from college and elopes with the daughter of a saloon-keeper. In this section, also, comes the open break between Ronder and Archdeacon Brandon. Heretofore, the grievances have been slowly piling up awaiting the match that will cause the flame to

flare up. In the third part, "The Jubilee," the archdeacon finds that even his beloved cathedral seems to have no affectionate response to his moods. He can hardly realize that already his son, his wife, and the cathedral have deserted him. Only his fellow-clergymen and his daughter, Joan, who has gone unnoticed for years, remain true to him.

Finally comes the complete downfall. The author pictures Brandon—uncertain, discouraged, in poor health—making a last desperate attempt to retain his power—finding failure.

For its interesting story, for its analysis of the personalities and psychological reactions of its characters, and for its accurate picture of an old Cathedral town, "The Cathedral" is well-worth reading.

Elvie Eklund, '35

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### Pitcairn's Island

By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

So this is the climax to "The Mutiny on the Bounty" Story! And it certainly is the most exciting climax any author could have invented, had this one been invented. The whole story of "The Mutiny on the Bounty" is, after all, history, but it nevertheless still makes a grand yarn.

Those who have read Nordhoff and Hall's other two books which precede can more fully appreciate "Pitcairn's Island". The authors say in their "Note", that if blood seems to run overfreely and horrors pile on horrors, it isn't because they wanted it that way, but it **was** that way in the Island's history.

Picture fifteen men and twelve women of two widely different races settling on a midget island somewhere in the Pacific away from any form of civilization. They are outcasts, and never expect to see any human beings again. These men are the mutineers, led by Fletcher Christian, instigator of the mutiny. Through one blind act they completely demolished their young lives, as they are compelled to hide themselves where the hand of the English law will never find them. The women are natives of the island of Tahiti, who come as wives for the men. Six of the men are natives of the same island. When some of the white men

try to make these natives slaves, the trouble starts.

There is action and plenty of it in the book—in fact the whole story is built on action. Trouble eventually breaks out among these twenty seven outcasts. Bloodshed and slaughter runs

the gauntlet for a time. The outcome is startling, and it is a story for only those who crave excitement. On this far-removed island history was made—a thrilling, gripping history, and one only to be found through Nordhoff and Hall's pen in "Pitcairn's Island!"

Carol Everett, '35

### John Brown's Body

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

This is a long narrative poem, which is concerned with the period around the time of the Civil War. It is fundamentally a poem, and not a history, according to the author. It includes all types of poetry—rhyme, blank verse, poetic prose, and so forth.

The narrative is rather disconnected. It starts with the period before the Civil War, about the time of John Brown's raid. There are many characters—seemingly of equal importance. Clay Wingath a Southern Aristocrat; Jach Ellyat, a typical Connecticut "Yankee"; Jake Diefer, a Pennsylvanian farmer; Luke Breckinridge, a mountain "hill-billy"; Melora, the daughter of a wandering "hider"; Spade, a runaway negro; all these and many others live in the pages of this book. The story of

their lives and how they were all affected by the war is completely told. Both sides of the question are presented with equal force, and one can see the futility of it all. This book tells how really awful war is. It leaves out none of the horror and hate of war.

I greatly enjoyed reading this book. Through it all the beauty and power of poetry is not at all lost. The narrative is interesting—the life of any one of the characters would have been interesting—the lives of several of them are fascinating. The history of the Civil War is accurate and complete; this the easiest method of digesting history that I have seen yet. And finally, it strips war of all its glamor and appeal and leaves it only full of horror. I would recommend this book to anyone.

E. Miles Brown, '35

### Bellarion, the Fortunate

By SABATINI

The time of "Bellarion" was in the days when what is now Italy, was then a land of separate, petty kingdoms ceaselessly quarreling among themselves. The novel is a romantic one, and so written as to give a good picture

of the customs, beliefs, and most of all—political intrigues of that era. The book is really composed of Books I, II, and III, each section dealing with a different period of Bellarion's life. The story itself is concerned with a young

monk, Bellarion, who has read widely and has retained practically all of this "book knowledge". On this fact is based the entire story. The young hero, by adhering to and following the countless theories he has acquired, overcomes the obstacles of life. As he sets out for Milan and higher learning, he falls into bad company and because of his innocence, nearly loses his head, literally. He willingly enlists his services to one Princess Valeria, whom of course he loves. From then on the story deals with political intrigue which takes place on all sides. There is a plot abroad to restore the youthful duke (brother of Princess Valeria) to the throne. Bellar-

ion follows his theories unfailingly and in a period about three short years, he holds one of the highest military positions in the land. Naturally there are jealousies, and plots against Bellarion but he overcomes them all. The book has a happy ending, the youthful duke reforming from his dissipating habits and recovering his rightful throne, Bellarion marrying Princess Valeria.

This is the first book written by Sabatini that I have read, and I enjoyed it. I particularly enjoyed the bold moves made by Bellarion. These moves always turned out right, regardless of how bold they seemed.

Leonard Sansone, '35

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## Interviews

### Mr. Archibald

Norwood, March 4—In an interview with an Arguenot reporter, the principal of Norwood High School, Mr. Herbert H. Archibald, discussed the developments and changes of the students and student bodies as he has observed them in his twenty years experience as a high school principal.

Boys and girls, in general all round development are far superior to those of twenty years ago, Mr. Archibald states. They are better able to take command of situations and to demonstrate active leadership. They are possessed of more initiative and have more self-reliance, as a rule. Students of today are better able to balance their time over various activities; they

are exercising a better distribution of development in activities. To illustrate this, Mr. Archibald explained how, twenty years ago, boys were classified either as students or athletes with not much mixing of the two. Today, however, we find in many instances both the athlete and the scholar in one person.

There is less desire to evade regulations today. (Of course there are always exceptions, Mr. Archibald adds.) However, the majority are willing to "play the game", and to recognize the necessity of certain fundamental regulations.

When asked for a comparison between boys and girls, the principal

states that during the past twenty years, girls have progressed more rapidly than boys. They have come into their own and have taken many positions of leadership away from the boys.

If there is any word by way of adverse comment that Mr. Archibald has to offer of the present day group, it is that that they require more coaxing, more prodding and urging in the matter of getting them to do the job that is really theirs, and theirs alone. Especially is this true, if the job looks like a hard one. Once aroused, however, they generally do comparatively a more thorough and complete job than those whom they are succeeding.

Most students today have a more friendly and confidential attitude toward their teachers. There used to be a distinct barrier between the two that could not be broken down. Now the student is allowed much more freedom and is given better opportunity for self-development. The faculty today show whole-hearted interest in students.

There is better spirit of working together. Here, credit is due to both students and teachers for willingness to cooperate.

Mr. Archibald has observed, with regret, that owing to the depression, students on the whole, are not quite as ambitious as of yesteryear. There is a feeling that college training, yes, almost any training, is useless in that it will not guarantee a position upon completion. Therefore there is a tendency toward pessimism in the student outlook on life.

The principal of Norwood High has visited many schools throughout the state, and he has always been able to come back with the satisfaction that none of them has surpassed our Norwood High in the matter of working together in the common interest of our boys and girls of today. We have much yet to achieve, he says, but we have gone a lot farther along the road than many schools, and we are having a great time doing it.

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### Miss Gow

Naturally Miss Gow's position being Dean of Girls, her chief interest would be with them. She says she really enjoys working with them and that they haven't changed much in the years she has been here. On being questioned on the last point she says: "We all like to think people and things are getting better. To bask a little in her reflective glory, I suppose I should extol the virtues of the girl of today in contrast with the girl of ten years ago. To be honest, however, I find the girl of today much the same as her older sister."

In response to the ever-present ques-

tion of the girl's superiority to the boy's she says, "A wise woman always acknowledges the superiority of the male sex, and in so doing proves her own." What better answer than that could you girls want?

As Miss Gow has spent several summers in England and has even taken courses at Oxford University, she is well qualified to compare the English School System with our own. It is interesting to hear about this from someone who has really studied it.

She says, "The American public school system offers free education



equally to all children regardless of their mental ability. The amount of free education England offers any child is dependent on the mental ability of the child.

"At the age of eleven all pupils in England's free schools are given a scholastic examination. Those who fail in the examination do not continue to receive a general education. They are sent to trade or vocational schools for a limited time, and are given instructions that will enable them to earn a living. Those passing the examination are sent to private High Schools and their tuition is paid from public funds.

"If, at the end of his High School education a pupil has shown superior

ability, he is sent to the University of his choice still at public expense. In the case of such a pupil, if his parents are financially dependent on his going to work, not only is the pupil's tuition and living paid for at the University, but his parents are also given an allowance to compensate for the loss of his earnings while completing his education. The amount of free education an English student of superior mental ability can receive at the expense of the country is unlimited.

"America spends the money allotted for education equally on all children while England spends her money on the children who show the greatest promise of profiting by it."

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### Coach Murray

What sport do you like to coach best? Why?

I like to coach football because it takes in a larger number of boys. A football coach can see the results of his plays better than a basketball coach or a track coach.

How do you find Norwood boys as regard to their sportsmanship?

Very good. In fact, a number of coaches and school officials have remarked at the fine sportsmanship of Norwood boys in all lines of sport.

Do you believe in basketball tournaments?

I am not in favor of the way that they are run at present. Sometimes a team has to play two games, one in the afternoon, and if they win, another at night. If the tournament was extended over a period of time, such as playing Wednesday and if your team

wins, playing the second game Saturday, I could put my approval on tournaments.

What do you think of the increase of track attendance in Norwood?

I think it shows more local interest. Why, our track audiences this year were twice as large as those of last year.

What do you think of college football as compared with high school football?

The boys in college have greater mentality, therefore they can work more complex plays than the high school boys. The game, of course, is faster, but I would much rather watch a high school team in action.

Do you think it would be advisable for the different classes to play a series of intramural baseball games this spring?

Yes, if there were time. Of course,



we would have to have another diamond. We should, also, have to allow for weather conditions.

Do many of your high school boys achieve the same success in sports at college?

More boys from Norwood than from any other town its size are successful in college athletics. In Norwood, my boys are not burned out, consequently they have more energy at college.

Is professional baseball more advantageous to the player than "pro" football?

Decidedly. There is more money in it and less risk to life and limb.

Do you enjoy coaching at Norwood high?

Very much. The type of boy in Norwood seems far superior to those of other towns. They cooperate and are easy to work with.

Would you rather coach high school than college athletics?

I would rather be a high school coach. A high school instructor develops his own boys and sees them go places, whereas, a college coach receives boys who are already skilled in sports. So, the college coach does not have the satisfaction of seeing results as does the high school coach.



# Foreign Language Department

## Napoleon Premier

Napoléon Bonaparte naquit en l'année dix-sept cent soixante-neuf à Ajaccio dans l'île de Corse. A l'âge de dix, on l'envoya en France pour se préparer à être officier.

A l'âge de vingt-six ans, il fut nommé général et commanda l'armée française en Italie qui se battait contre les Autrichiens. En l'année dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-dix-neuf Napoléon fut nommé Premier Consul et en dix-huit cent quatre, il se nomma empereur.

Après avoir battu les Autrichiens encore, il conquiert les Prussiens et les Espagnols. Alors il déclara la guerre contre la Russie. Il arriva à Moscou mais les habitants avaient quitté la ville. Napoléon voulait rester à Moscou

mais l'hiver vint. Il était impossible d'y rester, car l'armée serait morte de faim. Napoléon ordonna le retour vers la France. Le froid était terrible et les routes étaient gelées. L'armée avait cinq cent mille hommes quand elle entra en Russie. Trois cent mille hommes y restèrent, morts ou blessés.

Après la retraite de Russie, tous les rois se réunirent contre Napoléon et il fut obligé de quitter la France. Il s'échappa de Elbe en dix-huit cent quinze et retourna en France pour les Cent Jours. La guerre recommença mais il fut pris après la bataille de Waterloo et fut envoyé à Sainte-Hélène où il mourut.

Robert Johnston, '35

## Comment Perdre un Ami

Avez-vous jamais voulu perdre un ami? C'est très facile si vous savez comment le faire. Voici une méthode que je trouve très bonne pour ce but. Parlez continuellement à votre ami. Causez de vos projets, de vos désirs, de vos acteurs et actrices favoris. Bavardez de n'importe quoi qui s'agit de vous. Mais, ne permettez pas à votre ami de vous parler. Bientôt votre ami vous recherchera moins et vous évitera plus. Essayez-le, et voilà! Vous n'avez plus d'ami.

Peut-être n'aimez-vous pas parler. Eh bien! Taisez-vous alors. Ne dites pas un seul mot. N'offrez jamais de conversation. Répondez aux questions de votre ami par un simple mot. C'est très difficile de s'en tirer avec une personne qui ne parle pas. Si vous ne le croyez pas, essayez-le quelquefois. Je vous assure que c'est une méthode saine et sauve de perdre un ami que vous n'aimez pas.

Jennie Pavilonis, '35

## Une Surprise

Hier nous sommes allés à la salle de concert pour écouter la musique basée sur "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme".

Le professeur Dethier a joué plusieurs disques sur la phonographe. Ils étaient très intéressants. Le professeur nous a

donné des explications de chaque partie de la musique. La plus grande partie des auditeurs y étaient attentifs, mais quelques-uns se sont endormis. Evidemment la musique était très douce! L'invitation à la salle de concert est venue très à l'improviste et comme une

agréable surprise. Je ne crois pas que la séance musicale eût été si agréable si le professeur ne l'avait pas expliquée. Il a donné ses explications en français et nous étions bien contents de trouver que nous comprenions bien.

Roy T. Lydon, '35

### Le Beau Printemps

Je fais une promenade au bois  
 Au joli mois de mai,  
 Et les oiseaux chantent pour moi  
 Et les fleurs fleurissent aussi.

Le temps est beau, le ciel est bleu,  
 Et je chante joyeusement;  
 Je vois des écureuils joyeux  
 Et les fleurs qui inclinent la tête.

Je cueille des fleurs pour ma mère si chère  
 Des violettes, du muguet et des roses,  
 J'en cueille aussi pour mon cher père,  
 Et je suis ravie du beau printemps.

Beatrice Trulson, '35

### Marie-Antoinette

Marie-Antoinette était la plus jeune fille de Marie d'Autriche. Sa mère désire que Marie-Antoinette fût la reine de France, et à l'âge de quinze ans Marie se maria avec Louis Seize.

Marie-Antoinette décida à s'amuser bien. Sa beauté était la cause de beaucoup de jalousies. Marie-Antoinette était très dépensière. Elle était si folle que ses sujets l'appelaient "Madame Déficit".

En dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-neuf une foule furieuse et affamée, composée

principalement de femmes, marcha à Versailles où étaient le roi et la reine. La foule demandait du pain, et on dit que quand on le dit à la reine elle répondit: "S'ils n'ont pas de pain, qu'ils mangent du gâteau."

Ce jour-là la famille royale quitta Versailles. La Révolution avait commencé. La famille royale avait beau fuir. Le seize octobre, dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-treize, Marie-Antoinette fut exécutée par la guillotine.

Leonard Sansone, '35

### Essayez, Essayez Encore

Le temps était beau. Il faisait un temps de printemps. Les arbres commençaient à boutonner et les oiseaux commençaient à chanter. Peut-être j'étais paresseuse et peut-être c'était le temps. Cependant j'ai mis mes livres sur la table. J'étais de mauvaise humeur. Je savais que mes notes à l'école n'étaient que médiocres. Mais, après tout, qui désirerait rester à la maison à étudier quand le printemps

arrivait? Je me disais que je ne pouvais pas apprendre mes leçons et que je ne pourrais jamais répondre correctement aux questions, quand un petit oiseau près de ma fenêtre s'est mis à chanter: "Essayez, essayez encore."

Alors j'ai ramassé mes livres et j'ai commencé à étudier et enfin j'ai réussi. Donc, mes amis, ne dites jamais, "Je ne peux pas le faire." Essayez, essayez encore!

Claire Heatlie, '35

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### Le Telephone

Sans doute, dans cet âge le téléphone est une nécessité. Sans cet instrument les médecins, les dentistes, les avocats et beaucoup d'autres seraient perdus. Quand une crise vient, nous trouvons que le téléphone est indispensable.

Si nous désirons parler à un ami qui est à beaucoup de kilomètres de nous, il nous faut seulement prendre cet instrument étonnant, le téléphone, et la tâche est faite dans un moment.

Dans la maison c'est une bonne au-

baine. Quand la ménagère veut des choses de l'épicerie, elle lui téléphone, et sans être obligée de parcourir les magasins, elle reçoit ce qu'elle veut. La nuit, quand il est nécessaire d'envoyer chercher le médecin, le téléphone simplifie le problème.

La seule faute que j'y trouve est qu'il nous fait indolents. Mais je ne puis que cela, parce que les bienfaits du téléphone sont sans nombre.

Leonard Sansone, '35

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### Pablo

Pablo es un alumno español. Vive con sus padres, una hermana y dos hermanos. Pablo asiste a la escuela todos los días, pero su hermana permanece en casa porque es demasiado joven.

En la escuela Pablo aprende el español, el inglés, el álgebra y el francés. También estudia la geografía. Aprende que hay seis continentes: la América del Norte, la América del Sur, Europa,

Asia, Africa y Australia. Aprende que España es un país de Europe y que Francia y Brasil son otros países.

Pablo come su almuerzo en el merendero. Come pan, carne y frutas. Bebe leche con su almuerzo.

La profesora de Pablo es española. Vive en Madrid. Enseña el español y el inglés, pero no enseña el álgebra. Pablo quiere a su profesora.

Priscilla Archibald, '36

### La Corrida

Vamos a ver la corrida,  
Mire ya, la salida.

Eso me interesa mucho,  
Todo el ruido escucho,  
Se arrojan muchos sombreros,  
Cuando ven a los toreros.

Es un heroe de la nación,  
De todos recibe admiración.

El toro tiene mucha bravura,  
El torero está segura.  
A veces el toro no cae en seguida,  
Segunda estocada se necesita.

Louis Prager, '35

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### El Sueno de Juanito

Toda la tarde quedó Juanito encantado con las maravillas de la aerobacía que él había visto al aeropuerto. Al llegar a casa seguía pensando en el aviador que piloteaba el aeroplano rojo en la aerobacía. El aviador se llamaba "Red" y fué piloto del aerpostal. Se usó el aeroplano rojo para transportar el correo y para acrobacía. Juanito deseaba ser otro "Red". Qué gran aviador sería él!

Cuando se acostó esa noche aun pensaba en el señor "Red" y su avion rojo. Esto es lo que sueño:

Hacía mal tiempo y había mucho viento. Pero, no obstante, el aerpostal tenía que llegar a Méjico, D.F. antes de las cuatro de la mañana. El avion de correo rojo tenía un motor muy poderoso y Juanito podía manejarla en todas clases de tiempo. El gritó "contacto" y el motor poderoso comenzó a zumbar con un ruido ensordecedor. Dentro de

poco el avion depegó y pronto llegó a toda altura. Empezaba a llover y a tal altura hacía mucho frio. Se formaba hielo en las alas.

Sin embargo Juanito no estaba asustado y guardó el aeroplano rojo a toda velocidad. Como no podía ver nada, leyó sus instrumentos y se halló a una altura muy peligrosa. Los montes eran aun más altas que él volaba a ese momento.

Trató de subir pero halló que la palanca no funcionaría. Se había formado mucho hielo en los cables del timón. No supo que hacer. Tenía que quitar el hielo de los cables o se preparar para su suerte. Tal cosa no era posible. De repente un cable del timón se quebró y el avion empezó a bajar a merced del viento. Juanito, tiritando de miedo, tuvo que saltar por su vida.

Entonces se despertó. Y se halló en el suelo—al lado de su cama!

Dan Miles, '34

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### Mi Sala de Clase

En mi sala de clase hay cinco filas de pupitres. Detrás de cada pupitre está una silla. Hay también siete otras sillas en la sala de clase. En cada

pupitre hay un tintero. En el tintero hay tinta negra. El escritorio de la profesora está delante de la sala de clase. Sobre el escritorio de la profesora hay



muchos libros, papeles, plumas, una bolsa, dos tinteros y el calendario. Un tintero tiene tinta negra, otro tintero tiene tinta roja. Detrás del escritorio de la profesora está una silla. No lejos del escritorio de la profesora está una silla. Hay dos puertas y cuatro ventanas en la sala de clase. Le mesa está cerca de las ventanas. El escritorio está lejos de la puerta, sino cerca de la mesa. Hay dos pizarras en la sala de sala de clase. Una pizarra está delante

de la sala de clase, otra está al lado de la clase. Debajo de la pizarra está un tablero. En el tablero hay muchos borradores y alguna tiza. Sobre la pizarra está el trabajo escrito. Sobre las paredes están muchos carteles. Al lado de la sala hay dos banderas. Una es la bandera de España; es roja, amarilla y purpura. Otra es la bandera de Francia; es azul, blanca y roja. Hay un mapa de Francia delante de la clase y al lado un mapa de España.

Shirley Coleman, '36





### Friday Afternoon Socials

At the Norwood Senior High, a social program has been successfully carried out such as very few schools have been able to accomplish.

A group from the Student Council and the Quest Club Executive Board sponsored a series of informal dances to be held Friday afternoons whenever possible. Students and teachers only are entitled to the privilege of attending. Students have been charged the small price of five cents for admission. The purpose of this has been mainly to aid the Quest Club.

Because of the way students have responded, these dances have proven their popularity beyond a doubt.

Teachers who have attended have all commented upon the behavior of the students. This comment has been more than favorable. To my knowledge, no disciplinary measures have been necessary.

These dances have offered those pupils who do not know how to dance, the opportunity to learn. It is gratifying to see that many have taken advantage of this opportunity. Possibly those who have been dancing teachers for an afternoon wished otherwise when a case looked hopeless. However, miracles happen. The hopeless case might turn out to be another Astaire.

Albert Grokoest, '35

### Senior Class Notes

Class meetings have been held to discuss the class tax drive, the Senior Prom and the Senior Play.

The class has decided not to give a Senior Play this year but to give an operetta instead, because of the possibility of making more money in the latter. This operetta, "Japanese Lantern" is in progress now. Rehearsals are

being held on Wednesdays for girls and on Thursdays for boys.

The Senior Prom was held on Friday, January 18th. The gym was attractively decorated in maroon and silver, our class colors. This social event was one occasion of which the class can really boast. The music was furnished by a splendid radio orches-

tra, "The Teddy Bears."

The matrons at the Prom were: Mrs. Sansone, Mrs. Billingham and Mrs. Lutz. Each guest was presented to the matrons by an usher.

This year we had an added attraction—a Prom Queen. This event caused a great deal of enthusiasm, as no one knew who the Queen was to be until the night of the Prom. With the sounds of the bugle our lovely Queen Hilka Kauppinen, entered with her four attendants. She wore a red

robe and was crowned on her throne by the President of the Class, Leonard Sansone. The Queen reviewed the Grand March which was led by President Sansone and Treasurer Victoria Giampa. During this event everyone received a tiny colored elephant as a souvenir.

Intermission came at the proper time and refreshments were served.

The Prom was the greatest success, both socially and financially, that our class has had this year.

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### Junior Class Notes

December 7 was a very important date on the Junior Social Calendar. It was then that the traditional Junior "Prom" was held. Perhaps, we juniors went into the business of running the affair a little fearfully because financial affairs in these times are not at all

encouraging for running a dance. However, whatever fears we had were cast aside when we beheld the crowd in the gaily decorated "gym." We are very happy to report that it was not only a financial success but also a great social success.

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### Sophomore Class Notes

Decidedly the most interesting sophomore meeting was the one in which some well meaning thrifty soul implicated the President of the class in a move to eliminate what they believed to be unnecessary expense by substituting a convalescent card for the flowers customarily sent to members of the class who, in the opinion of a committee, deserved them. As far as the male population of the gymnasium was concerned, funeral expenses could be taken from the treasury. But the female species of Sophomore, who grimly insist on keeping such tokens of affection in that classification known as the beautiful things of life, protested indignantly against this move and its

sponsors whom they believed to be utterly devoid of human feeling. The young ladies were led by Miss Ruth Silverman who made a short, but effective, speech which was roundly applauded. The final vote was unanimous—an emphatic "NAY!"

Such noble sentiment on the part of the young ladies brings to mind the words of Alice Freeman Palmer: "Young ladies, Wellesley is proud of you."

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In this year's combination tax-drive and money collecting contest the loyal sophomores responded with eighty dollars and eighty-four cents worth of enthusiasm. It would be a simple trick

indeed to trace the varying amounts that went to make up the eighty dollars collected, but if human nature acts in this case as one would expect it to, the

sleuth, amateur or professional, does not exist who could trace that four cents.

Roger P. Flaherty, '37

### Guess Who?

(Ed. Note: In answer to many demands for something new, we are printing the following. The articles all describe certain members of the Student body. The names are, of course, fictitious.)

Sally Shy—Sally is an attractive Senior. She is an efficient member of the traffic-squad and is a very good basketball player. She likes Bing Crosby and the song "Love in Bloom." Sally is a living proof of the expression, "Gentlemen prefer blondes."

Ed Finnegan—Ed is an important member of the Senior Class. He was one of the star players on the football team. He doesn't care much for girls and he doesn't dance. He recently discovered a new way to take off his shirt. His favorite song is "You're the Top," which he often sings to himself.

Peggy Pep—Peg is a popular Junior. She has a pleasing smile which she uses quite often. One wonders if she attended all the basketball games and indoor track meets simply for a love

of the sport. She is a good dancer and is very rarely found "sitting out" a dance.

Busy Bill—Bill is a leader of the Junior Class. He played basketball and was a member of the football squad. He is a member of the dramatic club. His favorite song is "I wonder what's become of Sally." He is a good dancer and can be found at all the school's social functions.

Gertie Gay—Gertie is a well-known Senior. Her fame spreads as far as Readville, we understand. She is a member of the Student Council and is active in the Dramatic Club. She is known by a peculiar nickname, and is distinguished by the odd way she wears her hair.

Joe Smart—Joe is a nonchalant Sophomore. He is a clever member of the Dramatic Club, and his acting helped to make the Sophomore Play a success. He is a great admirer of Babe Ruth, in fact, he likes all Ruth's (especially brunettes.) Joe is usually on the Honor Roll.

### Assembly Reports

On Tuesday, February 28, we attended an assembly at which Mr. Archibald made official announcement of a concert and dance to be held March 2nd, Saturday evening, at the Junior High. The concert is to be given by the Amherst Glee Club—State

Champions! We certainly are fortunate to have such an opportunity at such a reasonable sum.

More impetus was given to the advertising for the concert on Friday, March 1, when we had a short assembly at which Mr. Archibald gave another "pep" talk.

The Senior and Junior boys had a special assembly on March 1, at which a professor from Northeastern University told a few of the advantages of his college. His speech was entertaining and interesting, and he gave some of us a new "slant" on our future education.

On Wednesday, January 9, the school met for the customary "Honor Roll" assembly. The scholarship cup was presented to the seniors—class of 1935. Announcement was made of a new "honor certificate," to be given to those who are on the first honor roll. Letters were awarded to the cheer leaders and football players. Mr. Archi-

bald warmly praised the cheer leaders for their excellent work, and also complimented the football team. Stephen Flaherty is our next year's captain. May he have a successful season.

We met Monday, March 4, for the customary "Honor Roll" assembly. Mr. Archibald complimented the students for their part in making a success of the concert last Saturday. Mr. Hayden read the Honor Roll, and the cup was awarded to the Seniors—Class of '35—which had a percentage of 29.02%. The Seniors stayed for a short meeting with Mr. Archibald after the adjournment of the regular assembly.

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### Alumni Notes

Michael Clancy '33 is attending Burdett College in Boston.

Stanley McGrane '34 is at present employed by the Norwood Gas Company.

James Lydon '34 works for the Norwood Fruit Company of Dreyfus and White.

Edward Larson '33 is attending Wentworth Institute in Boston.

Joseph Flynn '33 is employed by the F. W. Woolworth Co. of Norwood.

James Murray '33 holds a position with the Plymouth Rubber Company of Canton.

Miss Irene King '34 is one of the ushers at the Guild Theatre.

Bennie Unda '33 is attending Wentworth Institute of Boston.

John Robertson '33 is a member of the auditing department in the Hotel Touraine in Boston.

The former Miss Elizabeth Calder '32 has become Mrs. John Payne '31.

Miss Bernice Trulson '30 has accepted a position teaching in the Richardson School in Attleboro.

Arthur Cook, President of class of '34 is on the "Dean's List" at M. I. T.

### In Memoriam

**JAMES MAHER, '29**  
**Died February 25, 1935**



# Music

## Orchestra

During the past few months the orchestra has played for the Parent Teacher's Association and for the Mother's Club. For the Mother's Club we rendered the selections, "Ferns and Flowers", "Narette" and an "Overture".

For the past few weeks, the orchestra has been practising the Operetta music

and the music for a musical assembly. Soon the graduation music will be practised. We are to play "Ernani" by Verdi and another selection for the Senior chorus.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we look forward to the New England Festival Concert Orchestra to be held this year at Lowell.

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## Music Appreciation

Have you often wished that you knew more about the musical compositions and their authors that you hear daily over the radio? That is what the class of Music Appreciation is for. We take each composition separately, study its background, study the composer's life, write all information in a notebook, and then we hear the composition played on the victrola. During the week we listen to the broadcasts of the different symphony orchestras

and the operas on the radio, and quite often we hear the compositions we had previously studied. Included in this course are the following items: Fundamentals of Music, What to Look for in Music, The Human Voice, and The Orchestra. During our course of study we have taken the following compositions: "The Spinning Wheel of Omphale", "Invitation to the Waltz", "The Moldau", "Finlandia", "Overture 1812" and many others.

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## Amherst Glee Club Concert

This year the musical organizations of the school had the unusual privilege of sponsoring a concert by the Amherst College Glee Club.

The concert which was held on March 2, in the gymnasium of the Junior High School was well attended and much enjoyed.

Hugo Frederickson '35 vice-president of the Glee Club gave two piano selections. As he is one of "Norwood High's" graduates, this performance was of special interest to many in the audience.

### Voice Training

A well modulated voice is a great asset, and the voice training class is where one can work to attain it. There are different exercises for developing and strengthening the voice. The clear round tones can be achieved only by study.

In December the girls sang a few selections for the Norwood Mother's Club; in February they sang for the Norwood Women's Club.

The number of pupils in the class has increased greatly, and we hope it keeps on increasing.





## Basketball

### Norwood 28—Framingham 21

The Murraymen opened the basketball season by beating the Framingham team 28-21. The Norwood team had nine free throws and failed to sink any of the shots. However, they made up for their inaccuracy on foul shots by their accuracy from the floor. Fenton and Harrison led the way with five baskets each, Coakley sank three and Flynn caged the other two points. Framingham had less luck from the floor. All they could do was to sink eight baskets, but they turned five free throws into scores.

### Norwood 28—Dedham 22

With Charlie Bowles, Norwood High's great baseball twirler, playing center, the Murraymen took their third game of the season from Dedham High by a score of 28-22. Bowles played brilliant basketball on both the defense and offense. Charlie caged six baskets from the floor to lead the Norwood scores. Every Norwood player, nevertheless, took his place in the scoring column. Dedham was much less ef-

fective from the floor but their six free throws left the score close.

### Norwood 32—Walpole 27

Although several of Benny's men were absent because of disciplinary reasons, the Murraymen managed to eke out a victory at the expense of Walpole High School at that town on February first, by a score of 32-27.

Twenty-five of Norwood's thirty-two points were scored by two men, Flynn and Fenton. "Jiggsie" scored fourteen points to lead the Norwood scorers and "Tarzan" caged eleven points to practically clinch the game. Leo Coughlin playing his first game after his illness caged five points for the Blue and White and Phil Coakley finished Norwood's scoring by netting two big ones.

### Norwood 22—Dedham 21

Norwood made it two straight over its old rival, Dedham, by eking out a 22-21 decision at the Junior High. Beginning slow, the game rapidly gained momentum and ended in uproar with

Dedham desperately trying to pull the game out of the fire with last-minute "ditch" shots. The seconds were not quite so fortunate and lost 23-14.

### **Framingham 23—Norwood 22**

By the virtue of a foul shot in the closing minutes of the game, Framingham defeated Norwood 23-22. Norwood led for most of the game, but Framingham kept plugging and finally won out by the margin of one point. As usual the seconds were defeated 20-9.

### **Natick 56—Norwood 30**

Displaying a passing attack that totally bewildered Norwood, Natick romped over Norwood 56-30. One bright light in Norwood's defeat was the sensational scoring spree of "Chooky" Harrison, who scored 24 points. The second team was also defeated.

### **Norwood 29—Franklin 20**

In the roughest game of the season Norwood downed its old rival, Franklin, 29-20. Fenton was the high scorer with a total of eight points. Franklin

seconds won the preliminary game 19-14.

### **Walpole 32—Norwood 27**

In a closely contested game Walpole nosed out Norwood in the final seconds 32-27. Throughout the game neither team had much of an edge, but the accurate eye of Leo gave Walpole the victory.

### **Norwood 30—Watertown 29**

The eagle eye of Phil Coakley, who accounted for half of Norwood's total, slipped a foul shot into the basket in the final seconds and gave Norwood a 30-29 victory over Watertown.

### **Season's Record**

Norwood 28—Framingham 20  
 Norwood 30—Watertown 29  
 Norwood 28—Dedham 22  
 Norwood 22—Natick 49  
 Norwood 29—Franklin 20  
 Norwood 32—Walpole 27  
 Norwood 30—Natick 56  
 Norwood 22—Framingham 23  
 Norwood 22—Dedham 21  
 Norwood 27—Walpole 32  
 Won 6; Lost 4.

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## **Track**

### **Watertown 40 1-6—Norwood 36 1-6**

In a surprise showing against Watertown, state champs for Class B high schools, Norwood High was nosed out by the small score of 5 points because they failed to bag the relay. Featuring the meet was little John Folan who jumped over the bar at the height of five feet one. Paul Grokoest surprised the crowd with a broad jump of 9 ft.  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. George Rose made the high jump at 5 ft. 2 in. to win the event.

### **Dedham 65—Norwood 29**

Norwood High suffered the greatest defeat of the season at Dedham. A far superior Dedham team scored in all the running events. Gugliotta was up to form, as usual, and took the shot put. He also placed in the 300 yard run and the broad jump. Norwood again lost the relay to a fast Dedham team. The final score of 65-29 was taken as a great joke by Dedhamites.

**Dedham 49½—Norwood 43½**

Weakness in the relay again proved Norwood's downfall. Trailing by only one point at the start of the race, Norwood succumbed to the swiftness of Dedham's relay speedsters and lost the meet by the score of 49½ to 43½. Gugliotta was high scorer for Norwood, chalking up ten points by winning the shot put and 300 yard run. McNally was high scorer for Dedham with firsts in the high jump and 30 yard hurdles. The thirty yard dash was won by Paza of Norwood, and in the hurdles Moloney placed second to McNally of Dedham.

**Norwood 43½—Quincy 33½**

The Quincy track squad came up to Norwood to try to clean up some points for themselves. However, they were pleasantly surprised when Norwood went right ahead to score in every event save the relay and the high jump. Quincy's high jumper, Tucksford, stood 6 ft. 5 in. in height, and went over the bar at 5 ft. 10. Of course, no Norwood man could beat that. In the relay Quincy showed supremacy by defeating Norwood by the margin of a yard.

**Hyde Park 56½—Norwood 36½**

A stronger Hyde Park squad than the one to which Norwood fell, in

January, visited us at the State Armory on February 7th and promptly proceeded to take every event except the 100 yard run, the 300 yard run and the high jump. Dundulis couldn't be stopped in the thousand. Gugliotta and Rose of Norwood took the 300 yard run and high jump respectively. Little John Folan was third in the jump. Hyde Park too the relay, (Norwood's nemesis) to win the meet, 56½ to 36½.

**Hyde Park 69½—Norwood 29½**

Norwood High's track team bid for a first place only once on January 18 at Hyde Park. It was little John Folan who tied Strand of Hyde Park in the running high jump at 5 ft. 2 in. Norwood took many thirds and fourths but could not offset Hyde Park's constant winning of events.

**State Track Meet  
at Boston Garden**

With Tony Dundulis taking the 1000 from all competitors of Class B high schools, Norwood High scored 8 points to make a good showing in the State Meet at the Boston Garden. Norwood won its relay race, as is unusual, and showed the other teams in Class B that Norwood is no setup. Norwood's track team next year should go places.

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**Baseball**

The time again has come where the ball players are out swinging their bats and shagging flies. Norwood's prospects this year look none too disappointing. We have "Chook" Harrison as a sure man at either short or second. Jiggsie Fenton is capable of holding down the third sack. Sonny

Welch and Leo Coughlin will add power to our batting list while being very able ball chasers in the outer garden. Our pitching staff should be the best in the state with men like John Flaherty and Charlie Bowles in the box. Frank Hurst may start behind the bat if everything goes well. All indications



show that Benny Murray may have a pretty fair team this spring. Our schedule begins in earnest soon after the holiday. What is done up to and on Patriot's Day will be purely experimental. It will probably be about

two weeks after the holiday before Benny really knows what he has, but don't worry, for the little Napoleon will put on his strongest players and if tradition tells anything they should be pretty good.

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## Girls' Athletics

### Basketball

This year's team, although it didn't come through with all wins, proved to be a sturdy one to all its opponents, and made them really fight for their victories. The varsity team, captained by Viano Salomaa and backed by Julia Skaizger and Dorothy Rodgers as forwards, defeated Wellesley in the final game of the season. The second team

captained by Eleanor Carlson won their games with Wellesley and Natick. There were two class games with Needham and Wellesley played before the varsity season opened.

### Varsity Schedule

Feb. 7—Belmont 20 at Norwood 19  
Feb. 13—Norwood 30 at Natick 34  
Mar. 1—Wellesley 21 at Norwood 23

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### Swimming

On February 6 a group of eight girls and Miss Kiley attended a swimming meet in the form of a "Splash Party" at the Brookline High School Swimming Pool. The only other two towns invited to attend the meet were Wellesley and Newton. Two girls from each town were put on a team as it was not a competitive meet. Most of the activities were in the form of games. There were also three races and some competitive diving. The swimming team was the one having the greatest number of points, and all the girls on the team received prizes in the form of lollipops. Refreshments were served after the meet.

The girls who went with Miss Kiley were: Gretchen Riemer, Marion Fleming, Margaret Rathbun, Mary Atwood, Miriam Taylor, Priscilla Archibald, Mary Donovan, and Carol Everett.

Every one had a grand time and enjoyed the Brookline High School students in having access to such a fine pool.

On Wednesday, March sixth, another swimming meet was held at Brookline to which Norwood High again had the opportunity of sending some of its girls. The events were similar to those of the previous meet—a free-style race, back-stroke, relay races, diving contests and games in which everyone joined. Those sent from Norwood High were: Gretchen Riemer, Marion Fleming, Mary Donovan, Miriam Taylor, Margaret Murray, Priscilla Archibald, Dorothy Merrill, and Sally Acton. Following the swimming, refreshments were served and the girls had a chance to meet representatives from the other schools.

### Sport Comments

No doubt, Agazio Gugliotta has been our whole indoor track team this winter.

Congratulations, Captain-elect, of Football, Steve Flaherty!

Dundulis should be one of the best 1000 yarders in the state next year.

Those close basketball games and that first Dedham track meet along with the Natick and Dedham football games certainly gave the fans plenty of excitement.

Norwood fans are to be congratulated for keeping their seats in the stands on Armistice Day when Natick

hot-heads almost killed a referee. Self-control is very essential for successful undertakings.

Don't forget that the man who arranges our games and athletic schedules is Jim Gormley. We appreciate his work.

Coach Wheeler is a genial track coach who knows his stuff and is always ready to give the kids a lift.

Track went over bigger than baseball did last spring. Our interest has put Norwood on the high in track circles of Greater Boston.



# JOKES

"Lady," said the traffic officer to a driver he had stopped, "how long do you intend to be out?"

"What do you mean by that question?" she demanded indignantly.

"Well," he replied, "there are a few hundred other motorists who would like to use this street after you get through with it."—Ex.

A canoe is like a small boy. Both behave better when paddled from the rear.—Ex.

She: "Got something in your eye?"

He: "Naw, I'm trying to look through my thumb."—Ex.

Grocer: "Here is your fly-paper. Anything else?"

Syd Goldberg: "Yeh, I want about six raisins."

Grocer: "Do you mean six pounds?"

Syd Goldberg: "No, about six. Just enough for decoys."—Ex.

Elywn Southard was sawing away at the sinewy knee joint of a fried chicken leg. The knife was sharp and he felt athletic. He made but little headway.

He waved his arm toward a bottle of ketchup which stood on the table near his mother's elbow.

"Pass the liniment, please, Ma," he said, "this sea gull has rheumatism."—Ex.

The teacher was testing the knowledge of a class. Slapping a half-dollar

on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row exclaimed: "Tails!"—Ex.

Salesman: "Now, here's a cigar you could offer to all your friends."

Customer: "Yes, I know, but what about one I could smoke myself?"—Ex.

Nit: "If a cantaloupe can't elope, what can elope?"

Wit: "Go ahead, I'll listen."

Nit: "A pear."—Ex.

Frank: "May I marry your daughter?"

Father: "What is your vocation?"

Frank: "I'm an actor."

Father: "Then get out before the foot-lights."—Ex.

D. Newman: "Did I do all right in the parade?"

Hartwell (sweetly): "Didn't you win it by half a yard?"—Ex.

Chemistry Teacher: "Fiddes, state Liquid Measure."

Fiddes (absently): "Two pints one quart; two quarts one fight; one fight two cops; two cops one judge; one judge thirty days."—Ex.

Tommy was just home after his first day in school. "Well, dear," asked his mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied Tommy, sadly. "I've got to go back tomorrow."

Chemistry Teacher: "Burba, what would you like to invent?"

Burba: "I would like to invent a machine that would do all your home work by pushing a button."

Teacher: "And you, Edson?"

Edson (drowsily): "Something to press the putton."—Ex.

Farmer Fish: "You know I have a two-legged freak over at my house. It's a calf."

Farmer Morse: "Don't I know it! He came over to see my daughter last night."—Ex.

G. H.: "Hey, Pop, who was Hamlet?"

Mr. H.: "George, you should be ashamed of yourself. Bring me the Bible and I will show you who Hamlet was."—Ex.

"Sir, would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?"

"Here's twenty dollars. Bury four of them!"—Ex.

English Teacher: "I want you to make your sentences so that even the most stupid person can understand them, then I can tell what you mean."—Ex.

Bobby from the South was visiting his New York cousin, and saw his first snow.

"Isn't it great?" inquired his host.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the visitor, "it's really nothing but popped rain."—Ex.

"Time brings great changes," said the philosophical grocer, squinting at

the scales as he removed some sugar from the sack. "For instance, only a few years ago I was a prize fighter."

"But the past leaves its mark," said the customer.

"I see you were a **lightweight** champion."—Ex.

Professor in Aeronautical History: "Can anyone name the first aeronautical journal?"

Voice from Back: "Fly paper."—Ex.

Assistant: "No, madam, we haven't had any for a long time."

Manager (overhearing): "Oh yes, we have it Madam; I will just send to the warehouse and have some brought in for you. (Aside to the assistant): "Never refuse anything, send out for it."

As the lady went out laughing the manager demanded: "What did she say?"

Assistant: "She said we haven't had any rain lately."

"My brother and I are so much alike that even our own mother can't tell us apart," said the prize liar. "In school my brother would throw spitballs and the teacher would whip me. My brother got into a fight and the judge fined me \$500. I was supposed to get married and my brother beat me to it and married the girl. However, I got even with him. I died last Monday, and they buried him."

Senior: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Soph: "No, who teaches it?"—Ex.



As we roam through the large book store, the magazine section with its brightly colored covers attracts our eye. The first magazine that we glance through is the **"Assembler"**. This magazine boasts of a fine editorial section. The editorials titled, **"Mythology"** and **"Crime"**, are particularly interesting. There are many excellent poems and a clever section on **"News Items"** in it.

A most attractive cover design draws our attention. It is the **"Wampatuck"**, a very interesting magazine—especially the section devoted to Book Reviews. The exchange department is novel and very well written.

The spirit of Christmas is very well portrayed on the cover of the **"Reflector"**, our next selection. Its Christmas poems and stories all deserve special mention. The cuts for the many departments are very well done. Why not enlarge upon your foreign language department?

The next magazine we select from

the rack before us is the **"Unquity Echo"** from Milton. This is an excellent publication with a fine literary section. The page without a title certainly contains some humorous cartoons. A foreign language department would improve the magazine greatly.

The orange cover of the **"Stylus"** from Walpole seems to stand out against the others. This is a most interesting paper with many interesting poems and stories.

Among the large magazines we spy the tiny **"Spud"** from Arnegard, North Dakota. This clever little paper deserves high praise for its many original sketches.

A most interesting paper from Boston University is the last one we read, and as we reluctantly turn away from this magazine department to continue our tour of the book store, we sincerely hope we may have the opportunity to read the later editions of these fine magazines.

### Comments on the Arguenot

The foreign language department of the Arguenot is an unusual feature of an unusual magazine.—**The Screech Owl.**

We vote you are one of the best we have come in contact with, especially your very interesting foreign language

department.—**The Wampatuck.**

I do enjoy the foreign language department of this paper. Those Norwood people must be such learned folks. Some of their poems are soothing to my ruffled spirit.—**The Unquity Echo.**



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